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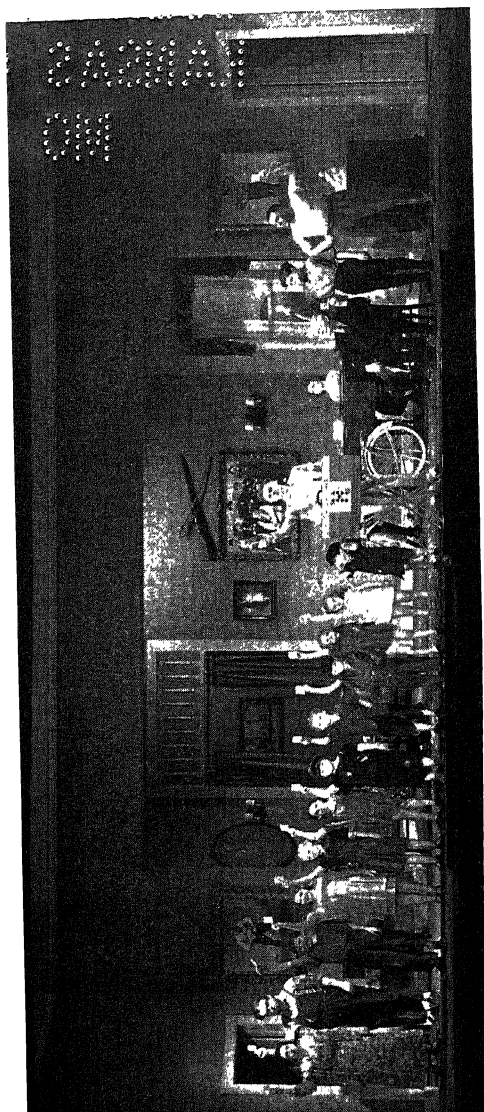
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A Comedy in Three Acts
by WILLIAM SAROYAN

LOVE'S
OLD SWEET SONG



SAMUEL FRENCH

NEW YORK, N. Y.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

25 WEST 45th STREET

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MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
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To Richard Watts, Jr.

OF ALL THE THINGS I LOVE

*I love to see the sun come smiling to the world;
I love to hear the wind go singing through a field;
I love to hear a love-bird singing in a tree,
And I love to see a lovely face light up with love for me.*

CHORUS

*Of all the things I love,
I love the most
Sleeping in the shade of love.
Sleeping in the shade of love,
I love the most, my love.*

*Of all the things I love to taste,
Sweetest is the kiss of love.
Dreaming in the shade of love,
The kiss of love
I love the most, my love.*

*My love, of all the lovely things,
Loveliest of all is you,
Dreaming in the shade of love.
Sleeping in the shade of love, my love,
I love the most, my love.*

*I love to breathe the scent of earth and new-mown hay;
I love to taste the peach and berry ripe in May;
I love to feel the spray as I walk beside the sea,
And I love to see a lovely face light up with love for me.*

THE YEARS

*The years, the years, they come and go,
And go and go, and oh, my heart!
The years have gone with my heart.*

*The days, the days still come and go,
And I still breathe,
But oh, my heart!
The years have gone with my heart.*

*The years, the days, the nights
Still come and go,
And I still dream,
But oh, my heart is gone,
My heart is gone with the years.*

*The hours, the hours, the long, dreaming hours
Still come and go,
And I still dream.
But the light is gone from my dream,
And the love is gone from my heart!*

*The two foregoing songs have been published by Chappell.
Music by Paul Bowles, words by William Saroyan.*

PREFACE

“Love’s Old Sweet Song,” in addition to being a theatrical entertainment, intended primarily to delight the eye and ear and the heart and mind of the beholder, is *literally* a song. The singers of the song are the few people in the play selected from the many in the world, but any who see the play are likely to be the singers of the song also, inasmuch as the song is living itself. It is an old song, but the time is our time, the people are our people, and the environment is our environment. All the sources of the song are contemporary, but still the song is the oldest song in the world, as love is the most basic emotion of life. There could be no mortality without love, and no dimension to living without song. Love is an inevitable part of the bargain of the living in the inexplicable exchange of nothingness for mortality, and poetry is man’s defense against being swindled in that bargain. Any man who is an alien to poetry, no matter who he is, *is* swindled in that bargain. Instinct demands love of all who live, and good living demands imagination and faith.

The line of the play is melodic, the same as the line of a song. It is a simple play, as the song is the simplest of music’s various forms. While its theme is love, in a number of variations, the play is without love-sickness, no doubt

simply because I do not feel things sickly. I find the tenderest or strongest emotions of a man inextricable from everything else that is a man's: understanding, a sense of proportion, love of comedy, and intelligence. The arrival of a fresh emotion, or a fresh dimension of an old emotion, or a magnification of a constant emotion, does not, as I remember things, nullify all other emotions or qualities a man possesses. Characters in drama have been generally unrounded-out, most likely for the convenience of the dramatist, and for the security of the meaning of the play. It is difficult to have rounded-out characters in a play and to have a satisfying play at the same time, but at this stage of the game that appears to be something very essential to try for. The character of man is neither steady nor predictable. Even one whose life is limited by willfully accepted rules, such as a saint, is not free of variation in impulse, thought, or act. Man's greatness and man's insignificance are both the consequence of his being inevitably free. Nothing can limit man. And yet, with all his freedom, religion in men (and I mean primarily the inherent sense of rightness, grace, beauty, and so on) compels, usually, a noble exercise of freedom, so that murder, for instance, is always rarer than delight. The people in "Love's Old Sweet Song" are free people. The freedom they enjoy, and the freedom which carries them sometimes to disaster, is a freedom which art, with all its limits, has never been able to shift from the living to the dead. We can be grateful for this failure. Freedom is not essential: it is *inevitable*. It cannot be taken from the living without literally taking life from them. For this reason any idea, however noble or base, which depends for its strength or validity on

the regimenting of life is an unsound idea, temporary, and scheduled for ultimate failure. As the limits in living are good taste, the limits in art cannot be anything more severe.

The play is simultaneously naïve and sophisticated. I believe the living are simultaneously naïve and sophisticated, because no matter how naïve a man may be there is somewhere in him great sophistication, and no matter how sophisticated he may be there is great naïveté in him. In the nature of things I cannot understand anyone in the world as well or as fully as I understand myself, and I know this simultaneous reality of sophistication and naïveté exists in myself. It is true and inevitable. It is impossible for me not to be sophisticated. It is also impossible for me not to be naïve. I cannot abandon one for the other merely to simplify things. I must therefore recognize the validity of both, and, in my own work at least, I must assume that naïveté and sophistication are simultaneous in everybody. Neither are *cultivated* in myself. Neither are unnatural. I must assume, therefore, that this condition is general.

The variations of love are great, but they are not really variations. Love is the one thing that is constant, even when the variation of it appears to be hate. In reality there is no such thing as hate. Hate is love kicked in the pants. It is love with a half-nelson on itself. The deepest and most general love is love of God, the defining of which I leave to you, as you please. Love of God includes regard of self. All the kinds of love, in fact, are regard of self. As long as a man is alive, he is alive for himself. It is foolish to be buffaloeed by embarrassment into not accepting this truth. In the nature of things a man cannot cease to be himself, and therefore

whatever he does, good or bad, he does for himself. Doing good things is the ultimate selfishness, and as love is the best of the better things, *it* is the ultimate selfishness. I can see no reason why it shouldn't be. No morality is worth anything that doesn't understand that all behavior is selfish. Selfishness is correct by all standards.

The necessity to defend my work again and again is embarrassing to me, and yet I have no alternative. To ignore criticism, as many writers do, I regard as an evasion of my responsibility to my work. In fairness to my critics, I acknowledge the *partial* truth and validity of every charge brought against my work, against myself personally, and against my methods of making my work public. What is lacking in their criticism is the fullness and humanity of understanding which operates in myself, in my work, and in my regard for others. The essence of my work is honor, honesty, intelligence, grace, good humor, naturalness, and spontaneity, and these things do not appear to be nicely balanced in my critics. Consequently, it is difficult for them to make sense in themselves of that which is complicated and unusual for them. What should delight them because of its honesty, shocks them. What should enlarge them because of its understanding, drives them more completely behind the fort of their own limitations.

I will take up each of the commonest charges the critics have made against myself and my work. In a sense the charge of exhibitionism is a valid one. No creative activity could possibly deny the validity of exhibitionism, and it is a mistake to regard exhibitionism as something improper. The implication that it *is* something improper, and something

characteristic only of *my* work, is that which I object to. The creative impulse itself is exhibitionistic. The fulfilling of the impulse is even more so. And the placing of that which has been created before others is still more so. If you want no exhibitionism (if that is what you choose to call it), you want no creation. After the creation of my work, it is true that I have been more energetic than many others in my attack upon the problem of making my work as public as possible. This has been necessary because my work has been unfamiliar, and because making it public *has* been a problem. If I did not believe in my work I would not bring it about in the first place. Since I do believe in it, I must do whatever I am able to do to make it known to as many people as possible. It is probably my enjoyment of living and working, however, which is offensive to so many, and which they put down as exhibitionism. As I understand things, acceptance of our life is the first law of living, and enjoyment of it (and I know all about its unenjoyables) is the first necessity of artful and gracious living.

To the charge of mindlessness, it would be unkind of me to ask where is the mindfulness in the work of other men, not only of our time but of other times? Where is the mindfulness of Shakespeare, if need be? By mindlessness I believe the critics mean absence of *specific* instruction to society or the state on how to behave, and *presence* of immediate living. In the play form, among other things, there must be play. It is impossible to exclude thought or belief or faith from a play, but these things are in a play after living is in it, and they are in a play as tone, not as things by themselves. Since the theater is not an adult continuation school,

those who come to the theater must be entertained before they are instructed. The difference between my thinking, it would appear, and the thinking of others is that mine operates from beginnings long ago and not from headlines and news in today's paper. What appears to the glib and superficial mind or sensibility as mindlessness is, in reality, a depth and fullness so far removed from cheap thinking that it bewilders. The critic with political bias, for instance, cannot accept my thought simply because it puts him out of work.

No ambition for the living, for the individual, for the weak and stupid and the strong and wise, is loftier than mine. No affection for the ugly and base and the beautiful and noble in man is more generous than mine. No scorn for the cruel, the miserable, the wretched, the cowardly, the insane—wherever they may occur, in the good or in the bad—is greater than my scorn. No faith in grace is steadier or more encouraging than mine. Therefore, I must take it, my work is mindless. The truth is, I am not unbalanced.

It is charged, further, that my work is formless. The form of my work is simply unfamiliar. It has very definite form. The compulsion within myself for wholeness, for balance, and for grace is so great that form is the first demand I make of my work and the first demand my work makes of me. It is probable that the critics cannot see the form for the fullness. If there were nothing in the form they would see the form, but since the form is full, they cannot see it.

It is charged further that I am crazy, an ego-maniac, a charlatan, that I will write anything to celebrate my name, that I am an enemy of the people, especially the working-

class, that my intention is merely to make money and rise in the world, that I have bad taste or no taste at all, and a good many other things. These charges come from men too dull, too vulgar and too inferior for me to bother with.

NOTE

"Love's Old Sweet Song," like "The Time of Your Life," was produced by Eddie Dowling in conjunction with The Theatre Guild, and directed by Mr. Dowling and myself. It was first performed in Princeton, New Jersey, at the McCarter Theatre, Saturday evening, April 6, 1940. This was followed by two weeks at the Forrest Theatre in Philadelphia, beginning Monday, April 8. The play next went to Ford's Theatre in Baltimore for one week. It opened in New York at The Plymouth Theatre on West 45th Street, Thursday evening, May 2, and closed Saturday evening, June 8th, after a run of 44 New York performances.

This is the cast which opened the play in New York:

Ann Hamilton	JESSIE ROYCE LANDIS
Georgie Americanos	PETER FERNANDEZ
Barnaby Gaul	WALTER HUSTON
Tom Fiora	JAMES S. ELLIOTT
Demetrios	ANGI O. POULOS
Cabot Yearling	ARTHUR HUNNICUTT
Leona Yearling	DORO MERANDE
Newton Yearling	EUGENE FITTS
Velma Yearling	BARBARA HASTINGS
Selma Yearling	ARDELE HASTINGS
Al Yearling	THOMAS JORDAN

Henry Yearling	ERIC ROBERTS
Jesse Yearling	JACKIE AYERS
Lucy Yearling	PATSY O'SHEA
Ella Yearling	MAE GRIMES
Susan Yearling	PATRICIA ROE
Maud Yearling	CAROL ESA
Lemmie Yearling	BOB WHITE
Mae Yearling	ELEANOR DREXLER
Harry Yearling	MICHAEL ARTIST
Wilbur Yearling	GERALD MATTHEWS
Richard Oliver	LLOYD GOUGH
Elsa Wax	BEATRICE NEWPORT
David F. Windmore	ALAN HEWITT
Daniel Hough	JOHN A. REGAN
Mr. Smith	NICK DENNIS
Mr. Harris	GEORGE TRAVELL
Pass Le Noir, Sheriff	HOWARD FREEMAN
Stylianios Americanos	ALAN REED
Pericles Americanos	JOHN ECONOMIDES

The out-of-town Sheriff was Pass Le Noir, whose performance I admired so much I have given his name to the part.

I wish to thank every member of the cast, including those who, for one reason or another, did not appear in the play when it reached New York, especially Jules Leni who was not old enough, according to law, to stay in the play as Wilbur Yearling. Mr. Leni I regard as one of the finest actors of our time. It would be a serious oversight for me not to acknowledge the great contribution of Eric Roberts to the play, as Henry Yearling. He himself created the de-

lightful mockery of Fascism during the *Time Magazine* episode, which was to me one of the pleasantest moments of the play.

Every player, in fact, brought something personal and special to his role, and many, not excluding children, helped direct the play. An usher in Baltimore also helped direct the play. Mr. Dowling brought to the play from his family the idea of the Happy Birthday song during Barnaby Gaul's pitch for the Yearling family. Mr. Langner of The Theatre Guild is responsible for several of the most important scenes in the play, which I wrote upon his suggestion. Mr. Arthur Hunnicutt's presence impelled me to expand the part of Cabot Yearling, which Mr. Hunnicutt performed magnificently. His discovery was, I believe, one of the most fortunate events, both for this play and for the theater in general. Mr. Huston, it goes without saying, brought to his part a fine quality which could not have come from any other American player. Jessie Royce Landis, with perhaps the most difficult role in the play and wholly without direction, made Ann Hamilton both real and delightful. Peter Fernandez, as the Messenger, was perfect. Angi O. Poulos, as an American citizen, was beyond direction, and consequently impossible to improve. Alan Hewitt, as the man from *Time*, was exactly what I had in mind. John Economides, the famous Greek actor, as Pericles Amerikanos, not only translated my lines into Greek, but brought to his part the comic solemnity and gentle anger which the role called for. And finally, Alan Reed, as the simple wrestler, accomplished the difficult task of being, every night, both a skillful acrobat and a sensitive actor.

The settings by Watson Barratt could not have been closer to what I wanted.

The music and two songs by Paul Bowles contributed so much to the play, but were so integrated in the material, that I am afraid critics and theatergoers alike were not sufficiently aware of their importance. I must say, however, that I am aware.

Armina Marshall, as Production Assistant, did most of the hard work.

To these, and to all others, including the Musicians and Stage Hands, my sincere thanks.

THE PEOPLE

ANN HAMILTON, 44, *a beautiful unmarried small-town woman*

GEORGIE AMERICANOS, *a Postal Telegraph messenger*

BARNABY GAUL, 51, *a pitchman*

TOM FIORA, *another messenger*

DEMETRIOS AMERICANOS, *an American citizen*

CABOT YEARLING, *a family man*

LEONA YEARLING, 44, *his wife*

NEWTON YEARLING, 19, *their half-wit son*

VELMA YEARLING }
SELMA YEARLING } *twins*

AL YEARLING
ELLA YEARLING
HENRY YEARLING
JESSE YEARLING
SUSAN YEARLING
MAUD YEARLING
LEMMIE YEARLING
MAE YEARLING
HARRY YEARLING
WILBUR YEARLING
LUCY YEARLING

} *their children*

RICHARD OLIVER, *an unpublished writer*

ELSA WAX, *a photographer for Life Magazine*

DAVID F. WINDMORE, *a college man*

DANIEL HOUGH, *a farmer*

MR. SMITH, *a representative of the West Coast Novelty
Amusement Company*

MR. HARRIS, *his associate*

PASS LE NOIR, *a sheriff*

STYLIANOS AMERICANOS, 41, *Georgie's father, a wrestler*

PERICLES AMERICANOS, 71, *Stylianos' father*

THE PLACE

*Outside Ann Hamilton's House at 333 Orchard Avenue,
Bakersfield, California.*

The parlor of the Americanos home.

THE TIME

*Late morning and afternoon of Friday, September 15,
1939.*

NOTE. In the New York production this play was played
in two acts. Acts II and III were continuous.

ACT ONE

ACT ONE

SCENE: *An old-fashioned house with a front porch, at 333 Orchard Avenue in Bakersfield, California. There is a house at right with porch and steps; an entrance down right; left of the house is a stone wall to down left. There is a gate with trellis in this wall. A road passes from down right through the gate and off up left. Another road passes from left to right at the back of the house. A tree up center at back. A large front yard, with rose bushes in bloom near the house. A cement statue of a roaring lion down left on the lawn. About ten o'clock in the morning.*

A homeless family goes by in the street: MAN, WOMAN, THREE CHILDREN.

ANN HAMILTON, *a beautiful and rather elegant woman in her early forties, comes out of the house, looks around, walks about in the yard, to the gate, smells and cuts several roses, singing "the years, the years, they come and go," and so on; goes up onto the porch, sits down in the rocking-chair with a love-story magazine, waiting for nothing, least of all a telegram.*

GEORGIE AMERICANOS, *Greek-American Postal Telegraph messenger, arrives up left, skidding, on a bicycle with very broad handle bars. He settles his bicycle gently on ground, steps across it neatly, studies the number of the house carefully, takes off his cap, takes out telegram, shakes his head, smiles, and moves up to the front porch steps.*

GEORGIE

(Loudly, as if he were half a block away)

You Miss Ann Hamilton?

ANN

(Sweetly)

I am.

GEORGIE

(Delighted)

Well, a fellow by the name of Barnaby Gaul is coming out from Boston to visit you. He sent you this telegram. Know him?

ANN

Barnaby Gaul?

(Pause—trying to remember)

May I read the telegram?

GEORGIE

(Left of porch—swiftly)

It's collect. A dollar and eighty cents. It's a long night-letter. Lots of people can't pay for collect telegrams nowadays, but they always want to know what's in them just

the same, so I *memorize* everything and let them know. *Free*. That's *my* little gift to society. People are poor. A dollar and eighty cents is a lot of money. Know him?

ANN

(*Sincerely*)

I'm afraid there must be some mistake.

GEORGIE

(*Positively*)

Oh, no, there isn't.

ANN

I don't know anybody in Boston. Are you *sure* the telegram's for me?

GEORGIE

(*Sits on steps*)

If you're Ann Hamilton, it's for you. Otherwise it ain't. Mistakes sometimes happen.

ANN

(*Eagerly*)

What's that name again?

GEORGIE

(*Very clearly. Rising*)

Barnaby Gaul.

(*Spelling*)

B-a-r-n-a-b-y, Barnaby. G-a-u-l, Gaul. We get a lot of different kinds of telegrams, but this is the best *I've* ever seen. This telegram is about love.

ANN

Love?

GEORGIE

That's right. L-O-V-E, love. I'll recite the message to you. It's against the rules of the company, but to hell with the company. My sympathies are with the poor, not the rich. To tell you the truth, I'm a radical.

ANN

(*Amazed*)

Are you?

GEORGIE

(*Proudly*)

Of course I'm an American, too. My father's Greek. He used to be a wrestler. My father's *father* used to be a tobacco-grower in Smyrna, in the old country. We read philosophy.

(*Dramatically*)

My name's Georgie Americanos.

ANN

(*Formally*)

How do you do?

GEORGIE

(*Shyly*)

How do you do?

ANN

Won't you sit down, Georgie?

GEORGIE

That's all right. You lived in this house twenty-seven years?

ANN

I've lived in this house all my life. My goodness, I'm forty-four years old.

GEORGIE

You're the lady, all right. My father's been reading Greek philosophy to me for three years. Consequently, I'm intelligent. If he comes out here from Boston, like he says he's going to, will you let me come out and look at him?

ANN

If somebody's coming here.

GEORGIE

He'll be here.

ANN

All right, Georgie, you can come out. What does the telegram say?

GEORGIE

Can I bring my father? He likes to meet people who've traveled.

ANN

(Sweetly and patiently)

All right, Georgie, your father, too.

GEORGIE

(Explaining)

The telegram goes like this.

(Reciting the telegram)

Boston, Massachusetts. September 7, 1939.

ANN

September 7? Today's September 15.

GEORGIE

Well, to tell you the truth, I lost the telegram. It was in my pocket.

(Indicates pocket)

I don't know *how* it got there. I always put telegrams in my hat.

ANN

(Rises—comes down steps)

Good gracious, Georgie, tell me what's in the telegram, even if it is eight days old.

GEORGIE

Has anybody walked by in front of this house whistling *Love's Old Sweet Song* lately?

ANN

(Emphatically, but sweetly)

No, Georgie. Please recite the telegram.

(Sits on steps)

GEORGIE

(He puts his hand to his forehead and closes his eyes, concentrating)

Well, let me think a minute. Get everything straight.

(Pause, while he makes a face. He begins to smile, remembering the message)

He sure is a nut. O.K. Here it is.

(A special quality of voice)

"If you remember me, I am the young man with the red hair who walked in front of your house twenty-seven years ago whistling *Love's Old Sweet Song*."

(*And to her*)

Do you remember him?

ANN

No, I don't. Please recite the *whole* telegram.

GEORGIE

How could you forget a guy like that? He goes on to say: "You were sixteen years old at the time. You (*Points to ANN*) had half a dozen roses in your hand. Four red and two white. I hardly noticed you when I went by, and then I came back and said hello, and you said hello. I said what is your name and you said Ann Hamilton. You didn't ask my name. We talked a minute or so and that was all. I made a note of the number of your house and the name of the street and went away. I am now fifty-one years old and want you to know I love you."

(*Aside to her*)

Now, do you remember him?

ANN

No, Georgie. Is there anything more?

GEORGIE

Plenty! There's plenty more. He says: "I am coming back to you, even if you're married and have five children."

(*Aside to her*)

How about it? Are you? Have you?

ANN

I'm not married.

GEORGIE

Aren't you married?

(Pause)

ANN

No. Please finish the telegram, Georgie.

GEORGIE

Well, he says: "Get rid of everybody. Love is everything. I know, now. Nothing else matters. I will walk in front of your house again very soon and I will be whistling the same old sweet song of love."

(Aside to her)

They don't usually send telegrams this way, even when they're collect. They usually try to say everything in ten words.

(Continuing to recite the telegram)

He says: "If you remember me, speak to me. If you do not speak, I shall know you have forgotten. Please remember and please speak to me.

(Dramatically)

I love you.

(Pause. Officially)

Barnaby Gaul." That's the whole message, word for word. A dollar and eighty cents. Know him?

ANN

No, I don't.

GEORGIE

(Severely and a little irritated)

Are you Ann Hamilton?

ANN

My name is Ann Hamilton.

GEORGIE

Well, *he* knows *you*. He sent you this message all the way from Boston. You're going to speak to him, aren't you?

ANN

(A little angry with her life, pouting)

No, I'm not.

GEORGIE

Doesn't love mean *anything* to you?

ANN

No, it doesn't. Besides, the man's crazy.

GEORGIE

Why? Just because he hasn't forgotten?

ANN

A girl of sixteen is liable to be polite and say a few words to any man who speaks to her.

GEORGIE

This is different. You must have been very pretty at the time. You're not bad now. Don't you remember holding half a dozen roses in your hand? Four red and two white?

ANN

I've cut roses from these bushes hundreds of times. I don't remember any *particular* time.

GEORGIE

Don't you remember a guy with red hair, whistling?

ANN

No, I don't. I'm not sixteen, Georgie. I'm forty-four.

GEORGIE

Well, all I know is you mean everything in the world to this nut. This Barnaby Gaul. And by all rights he ought to mean everything in the world to you, too.

ANN

Well, he doesn't mean *anything* to me.

GEORGIE

I wouldn't be so sure about that. He may come by here and sweep you right off your feet.

ANN

No, he won't.

GEORGIE

Why not?

ANN

I'm perfectly happy.

GEORGIE

(*Sits on edge of steps*)

Oh, no, you're not. You can't fool me. You may be satisfied but you're not happy. You've got to be a little *unhappy*

to be perfectly happy. Satisfied's one thing, and happy's another.

(Pause)

Socrates.

(PEOPLE go by from down right to off up left)

Poor people. Homeless. No place to go.

ANN

(Pause—sweetly)

What's he say in that telegram?

GEORGIE

That's more like it. Listen carefully.

(Reciting. Grandly)

"If you remember me, I am the young man with the red hair who walked in front of your house—"

(GAUL whistles off up left. GEORGIE listens eagerly. ANN rises helplessly to her feet)

Listen.

(At the gate—excited)

It's *him*. Barnaby Gaul. He's come back to you, just like he said he would. This is the greatest love story that's ever taken place in the streets of Bakersfield, California. Speak to him.

ANN

I don't remember anybody like that.

GEORGIE

(Shouting)

Speak to him. The man's come all the way from Boston

to see you again. He's moved everything back twenty-seven years where it belongs. Say a kind word.

ANN

I don't know what to say.

GEORGIE

Say *anything*. He'll understand.

ANN

(*At the gate—excited*)

Here he comes. Don't go away, Georgie.

GEORGIE

(*Crosses down left to lion*)

Go away?

(*Whispering*)

I wouldn't miss this for anything in the world.

(*Pause, looking down the street*)

(*The PERSON [CAUL] who appears up left is a handsome man of fifty whose years are instantly irrelevant. He is, in fact, youth constant and unending. His hair is reddish, if not exactly red. His face is still the face of a young man. His figure is still that. His clothes are the casual clothes of a young man who has better things to think about. He is wearing an old straw hat, and he is carrying a straw suitcase. He is walking jauntily, and he is whistling. He notices ANN, stops whistling and stands*)

ANN

(*Breathlessly*)

Good morning.

GAUL

(Stopping center, setting down his suitcase, removing his hat, bowing gallantly)

How do you do?

(ANN and GAUL stare at one another a moment while GEORGIE looks from one face to the other. GAUL is delighted with ANN, and ANN is rather pleased with GAUL, although still a little bewildered and frightened. The whole thing is love at first sight, especially for ANN)

GEORGIE

(Whispering)

Wow!

GAUL

(Gesturing to GEORGIE)

Your son?

ANN

(Out of the world)

Yes.

(Hastily)

No.

GAUL

A handsome boy.

ANN

He's Greek.

GAUL

A classic and noble people. You have others?

ANN

No. He's a messenger. He brought your telegram.

GAUL

Telegram?

GEORGIE

Sure. From Boston.

GAUL

Boston?

(ANN turns and rushes into the house)

GEORGIE

Weren't you just whistling *Love's Old Sweet Song*?

GAUL

I was *whistling*. I don't know what it was. It's a beautiful morning. The least a man can do is whistle.

GEORGIE

Didn't you walk down this street twenty-seven years ago?

GAUL

My boy, I've never been in this town before.

GEORGIE

(Burning up)

Ah, for the love of Mike.

(ANN comes out of the house, holding half a dozen roses. Four red and two white. GEORGIE studies her, worrying, but fascinated)

GAUL

(With abstract admiration for ANN, for roses, for the morning, for the world, and for all good things in general)

Roses! I have never seen roses more beautiful to behold. Nor have I seen anyone hold roses more beautifully. Nor have I seen them held any way at all by anyone more beautiful.

GEORGIE

(Delighted)

It's him, all right.

GAUL

Him? Who?

GEORGIE

Who? You. Don't you recognize her?

ANN

(Beautifully, sadly, tragically)

Four red and two white.

GEORGIE

She remembers *you*. Don't you remember *her*?

(GAUL stares at ANN)

All right.

(He tears open the telegram)

Let me read the telegram for *you*, too.

GAUL

Telegram? What telegram?

GEORGIE

What telegram! The collect telegram from Boston.

(*Reading*)

"Boston, Massachusetts. September 7, 1939."

(GAUL *takes the telegram and reads it silently, glancing at ANN every once in a while*)

GAUL

"I love you. Barnaby Gaul."

GEORGIE

Now don't try to tell me you're not Barnaby Gaul.

GAUL

(*Acting*)

Is *this* Bakersfield, California?

ANN

Yes, it is.

GAUL

Is *this* Orchard Avenue?

ANN

Yes. 333.

GAUL

How can I ever ask you to forgive me?

GEORGIE

You *are* Barnaby Gaul, aren't you?

GAUL

Words fail me.

ANN

Oh, that's all right.

GEORGIE

(Growing suspicious)

Were you ever in Bakersfield before?

GAUL

Please try to understand.

GEORGIE

(Like Hawkshaw, the detective)

Were you in Boston eight days ago?

GAUL

Forgive me. Both of you. I thought I was in Fresno. Let's start all over again. From the beginning.

*(He takes his suitcase and hurries away off up left.
After a moment he begins to whistle "Love's Old
Sweet Song")*

GEORGIE

Do you remember *anybody* like that?

(Crosses to left of porch)

ANN

I don't know how I ever could have forgotten.

GEORGIE

Are you *sure* this is the nut?

ANN

As sure as I'm breathing.

GEORGIE

Well, get ready, then. Whoever he is, here he comes again, and this time he means it. This time he knows where he is and *who* he is, and who you are. Don't forget to speak to him or else he'll just walk away and maybe not send a telegram again for another twenty-seven years.

(GAUL *appears again, whistling "Love's Old Sweet Song"*)

ANN

Good morning.

(GAUL *stops, turns, looks at ANN, sets down his suitcase, hurries to ANN and kisses her. She drops the roses one by one*)

GAUL

(*Heroically*)

Ann. I knew you'd remember. I knew you'd never forget.
(*Kisses her gallantly*)

ANN

I thought I *had* forgotten, Barnaby. I even believed there was no one in the world like you.

GAUL

(*Proudly*)

There is, however. There is.
(*Points dramatically at himself*)

ANN

And then when I saw you, I knew how foolish I had been to think you would never come back. I couldn't help it,

Barnaby. The years moved away, slowly and then swiftly, and always I stayed here alone, living in this house, rocking back and forth in this chair on this porch. The roses bloomed and faded.

GAUL

(Dynamically)

The poor roses.

ANN

(Almost dreaming)

The song died.

GAUL

(Comes down steps)

The poor song.

ANN

The children I wanted were never born.

GAUL

(Sadly)

The poor children.

(Tosses coin to GEORGIE)

ANN

(Coming down steps)

Barnaby, why have you stayed away so long?

GAUL

(Inventing)

Ann, you may remember there were wars.

ANN

(Sits on steps)

Oh!

GAUL

And you may remember, Ann, there were great troubles. There were panics in which a man rushed with the crowd to no place. No place at all.

(Tragically)

And I, with the million others, ran, and ran, forgetting love, forgetting everything but the need for escape. Protection from police and disease. Hide-aways in fifty-cent rooms in large cities, in small villages. There were famines, Ann.

ANN

Oh, Barnaby, you were hungry?

GAUL

Hungry? Days, weeks, months, *years* of hunger. Hunger for bread, not love. Hunger for ease and comfort, not glory.

(He embraces her while GEORGIE watches)

There were disasters at sea. Shipwreck and storm. Floods and hurricanes, and a man off-balance falling in the street. Fear and shouting. No songs, Ann. There were distances, and barking dogs. Mountains to cross, and rivers and prairies and deserts. And wherever a man stood, his heart was far away, and wherever he went, his heart was not there. There was cold and few coats. There was ice and no fire. There was fury and stupor in the heart. As you dreamed here through the years, there was pain and forsakenness. There were accidents, Ann, with a man's body embar-

rassed by helpless and ugly posture, the arm twisted, the leg out of joint, and the heart in fever of disgust, raging against the mice.

GEORGIE

What mice?

GAUL

Mice? Go away, boy. And the foolish people asking, Are you hurt? Hurt? My God, I have been attacked by an army of termites as big as Japanese, and marching in the same military formation. There was snow and quiet, with the eyes of men staring out from secrecy and crime. There was *hate*, with the rain drenching the streets and the wind roaring around the buildings.

ANN

Oh, Barnaby.

GAUL

(Heroically)

There were many things, Ann, to keep me away from you, as you dreamed here through the years. I remember the thirst I knew in Kansas City, and the bar-flies driving me mad. There were small things, Ann, insects and little words. Frowns and sneers. And big things. The stairway of the hotel on fire, and a man in his bare feet. There were moments, repeated a million times, that were useless to the years. And years that were meaningless to any moment. But I knew—always I knew, Ann—that you would not forget. I've come a long way, through many things, and still your face is bright. Your eyes still young.

Your hand warm. Your lips soft and full. The errors that have been, I dismiss. Here, in your presence, I deny all I have known but good, since you are still by sweetness molded sweet. I here cease movement and begin dream, because here dream is real. Ann, I've traveled across half the world.

(*Solemnly*)

I'm tired, Ann. Now I must lie down in the sweet shade of love, and dream into the years of youth. The years of our youth, Ann. The years we have lost and shall now regain in the embrace of love.

(BARNABY embraces ANN. *She goes into the house.*
BARNABY turns and throws GEORGIE a coin)

GAUL

My luggage, boy.

(GEORGIE picks up the suitcase and puts it on the porch. GAUL goes inside of house. GEORGIE very much impressed; starts to go. Stopped by TOM FIORA, another Postal Messenger, arrives and settles his bike next to GEORGIE'S. TOM enters through gate and crosses down to GEORGIE at steps of porch)

TOM

(*Brightly*)

Telegram for you, Georgie.

GEORGIE

Telegram for me?

TOM

Yes, you. Here. Read it.

GEORGIE

*(Takes telegram, opens it, and reads it silently.
Then reads it aloud)*

"I told you I'd get even with you some day, so how do you like that? The telegram to Miss Ann Hamilton is not real. Ha, ha, ha. Your pal, Tom Fiora." Ha ha ha? What's the big idea?

TOM

I told you I'd get even on you.

GEORGIE

You put that telegram in my coat pocket?

TOM

That's right. That'll teach you to play tricks on me.

GEORGIE

You wrote *that* telegram?

TOM

I didn't write it. My brother Mike did.

GEORGIE

(Burning up)

That's what I call a low-down dirty trick, and a guy in the house there getting ready to sleep in the sweet shade of love.

TOM

Serves you right. I told you I'd get even.

GEORGIE

Well, what about that lady? What about that wonderful lady who told him I was her son?

TOM

Tell her the truth.

GEORGIE

The truth?

(Pause)

Ah, Tom, I never did like Italians. Greeks never did like Italians. How did your brother Mike ever happen to write a telegram like that?

TOM

Mike gets all kinds of funny ideas. He cut this lady's lawn one day. She told him the story of her life. He knew she was lonely.

GEORGIE

Well, who the hell is this guy, then? He's not just *anybody*. Giving me a Canadian dime. Tom, I'm going to tell the Manager.

TOM

Go ahead. He'll fire *you*, too. Then he'll come out here and make a personal call and explain everything.

GEORGIE

No, he can't do that.

(He looks at door of house)

It's too late to do *that*.

TOM

(Lifting his bicycle)

Come on. Let's go back to work.

GEORGIE

O.K., you rat.

(He looks at door again)

If that guy breaks her heart I'm going to tell my father to get a half-nelson on him and teach him some manners.

(Loudly)

Good-by, Miss Hamilton.

ANN'S VOICE

Good-by, Georgie.

GEORGIE

Is he sleeping?

ANN'S VOICE

No, he wants to shave first.

GEORGIE

(Gets his bicycle and starts away. Disgusted)

Aaah.

(Loudly)

I'll be back to see how you're getting along first chance I get.

ANN'S VOICE

All right, Georgie. And thanks ever so much.

GEORGIE

Any time at all.

(ANN enters and sits in chair on the porch. GEORGIE gives TOM a long dirty look, while TOM smiles beautifully. They get onto their bicycles simultaneously and ride away off up left)

(GAUL, with lather on his face, comes out on the

porch, sits beside ANN. Sings to her "Of All the Things I Love":)

GAUL

(Singing)

I love to see the sun come smiling to the world;
I love to hear the wind go singing through a field;
I love to hear a love-bird singing in a tree,
And I love to see a lovely face light up with love for me.

CHORUS

Of all the things I love,
I love the most
Sleeping in the shade of love.
Sleeping in the shade of love,
I love the most, my love.

Of all the things I love to taste,
Sweetest is the kiss of love.
Dreaming in the shade of love,
The kiss of love
I love the most, my love.

My love, of all the lovely things,
Loveliest of all is you,
Dreaming in the shade of love.
Sleeping in the shade of love, my love,
I love the most, my love.

I love to breathe the scent of earth and new-mown hay;
I love to taste the peach and berry ripe in May;

I love to feel the spray as I walk beside the sea,
And I love to see a lovely face light up with love for me.

CHORUS

(At the finish of this song, DEMETRIOS, a small middle-aged Greek with a big black mustache, pushes a lawn-mower into the yard from up left; suddenly realizes a man is on the porch; breaks down with grief, since he is in love with ANN. Begins to cut the lawn, dances to the music, suddenly notices the roaring lion, roars back at it, goes on dancing, always noticing the lion out of the corner of his eye)

GAUL

(Seeing DEMETRIOS)

Hey. You. That grass does not need cutting.

DEMETRIOS

I am American citizen.

GAUL

Even so, the grass does not need cutting. Have you got your first or second papers?

DEMETRIOS

Second papers next month.

GAUL

All right, come back and cut the grass next month.

DEMETRIOS

Is this official?

GAUL

Official. Now get your lawn-mower and get the hell out of here.

(DEMETRIOS hurries off up left with his lawn-mower, broken hearted. GAUL and ANN go into house. There is a moment of peaceful silence. Then CABOT YEARLING and his family arrive, one by one. CABOT thoughtfully smells a rose and surveys the terrain. CABOT's family consists of LEONA, his wife; NEWTON, nineteen; AL, seventeen; the TWINS, SELMA and VELMA, sixteen; ELLA, thirteen; HENRY, twelve; JESSE, eleven; SUSAN, ten; MAUDE, nine; LEMMIE, eight; MAE, seven; HARRY, six; WILBUR, five; and LUCY, four. LEONA is pregnant. The family is accompanied by RICHARD OLIVER, a newspaper man who is collecting material for a book. He is an oldish, partially bald young man who is very troubled. Also ELSA WAX, a large, plain young woman wearing spectacles, who is a photographer for Life Magazine. The two are not on speaking terms because, although they dislike one another very much, they are in love)

CABOT

Leonie, here we rest.

(CHILDREN sit on lawn and steps)

OLIVER

But, Mr. Yearling, this is somebody's front yard.

CABOT

Don't aim to do no harm. Just aim to rest a spell. Leonie's going to have a baby soon, you know.

(Spreads his old blanket on the lawn and lies down)

OLIVER

Another baby? When?

CABOT

Leonie, when?

LEONA

Two or three months, most likely. He'll be my fifteenth.

ELSA

You're aiming to stay here till the little fellow comes, of course?

CABOT

Don't know why not.

(Rising, crosses to AL, one of the bigger boys who is reading)

Here, you. What are you always reading books for? Shakespeare and things like that?

(ELSA takes a picture)

LEONA

When do you folks aim to leave us?

ELSA

I can't answer for Mr. Richard Oliver here. He's aiming to write a novel about you folks, I believe. He'll be with you for the next two or three years, most likely. I won't be half that long.

LEONA

I don't reckon we could undertake to feed another mouth,

what with the children growing up and needing things all the time, and another coming.

ELSA

Mr. Oliver won't be no trouble, hardly.

CABOT

(Lying down on lawn)

Well, it ain't so much the extra mouth to feed. It's always having somebody around asking questions.

(Knocks notebook out of OLIVER's hand)

It's more like never being able to lie down and sleep in the afternoon, without somebody waking up a body to ask if we know how to read or not, or if we want better working conditions.

(ELSA takes a picture of CABOT. He knocks camera out of her hand)

Or somebody else taking pictures of us all the time. We ain't publicity mad. We know we ain't society folk. If it's pictures you want, there's a world full of people who're always fussing with soap and water, keeping themselves clean and nice-looking all the time.

OLIVER

I have no intention of getting in the way.

(Turning)

Miss Wax! If you please. The pitiable plight of these unfortunate people is not the concern of one man alone, but of the whole nation.

CABOT

Unfortunate? I've got my driver's license.

OLIVER

Something's got to be done for them.

ELSA

All right, *do* something. What can you do?

CABOT

We ain't asking much.

LEONA

That's so. We don't want nothing from nobody—hardly. Food. A place to sleep. A roof over our heads. Clothes. A little land to walk around in. Cows. Chickens. A radio. A car. Something like that. We aim to shift for ourselves, the same as ever.

CABOT

A handful of vines to pick grapes off of to eat. A small melon patch. Good climate. Working conditions? We aim to *hire* our help fair and square.

ELSA

I don't hardly guess this family's typical.

LEONA

(*With dignity*)

Oklahomans. That's what we are. Don't belong to no religious sex. Mind our own business.

CABOT

Live and let live. When do you folks aim to let us rest?

LEONA

We like to be neighborly and all, but this following us around and spying on us don't seem just right.

ELSA

I won't be much longer. We're going to call these pictures "Life Goes to a Garden Party."

OLIVER

You're making fun of these people.

ELSA

Don't be silly. I'm not making fun of anybody, except you. Because you think these people are pathetic. Well, they're not. *You* are. Look at these people. Nothing can stop them. They've got the stubbornness and fertility of weeds. And they're not common, either. I'm a photographer and I've learned to see *into* things. Your vision is so bad, the only thing you ever see is the surface, and I don't think you see that very clearly. For all we know one of these kids is a genius.

(*Looking at AL*)

This fellow *looks* like a genius: he reads Shakespeare.

(*Looking at NEWTON*)

On the other hand they may all be idiots. But how do we know the world isn't supposed to be inhabited by idiots, instead of silly people who want to get everything organized—like you?

OLIVER

You're a Fascist.

CABOT

Talk! Talk! Talk! That's all I hear, ever since you intellectuals started following us around.

OLIVER

I'm trying to *help* you people. With my novel, I hope to improve migratory agricultural labor conditions.

CABOT

Conditions are all right. I'm a little tired, that's all. I brought this family all the way from Muskogee, Oklahoma, in seven weeks, in a broken-down old Ford that cost sixty-seven dollars and fifty cents.

OLIVER

It's not a question of a broken-down old Ford—

(HENRY hits OLIVER with a stick. OLIVER falls, and three boys leap on him)

CABOT

No kicking, now! Fair and square! No gouging! No biting!

(BARNABY GAUL opens an upstairs window)

GAUL

(Sees YEARLING family all over the yard)

What's going on around here? Ann. Are these people relatives of yours?

ANN

(Inside house)

I've never seen them before.

GAUL

(Coming down stairs in house and out on porch)

Don't worry.

(Enters)

I'll get them out of here in two minutes.

HENRY

(Seeing GAUL coming down steps and rushing to attack him)

Oh, yeah!

(CHILDREN pounce on GAUL)

GAUL

Ann, come out here. For the love of God, save me.

(HENRY grabs him by one leg. JESSE falls on him. He turns several times, trying to free himself—falls to his knees)

ANN

(More beautiful and voluptuous than ever—in fact, radiant—comes out, dazed and bewildered, with a heart overflowing with love)

Barnaby! What's the matter?

CABOT

Here, you kids. Henry. Jesse. Get off that boy. Get off him before I come over there and break your arms.

(HENRY and JESSE release their holds on GAUL. But he twists himself heroically free and rises to his feet)

GAUL

What're all you people doing in this front yard?

CABOT

We aim to rest a while and catch our breath.

(HENRY threatens GAUL's leg)



GAUL

You aim to rest a while and catch your breath?

(To HENRY)

Get away from me, you bashi-bazouk!

(To CABOT)

Call off your children.

CABOT

Henry. Leave the boy alone.

GAUL

(Pause)

My God! You're not all one family, are you?

CABOT

(Indicating OLIVER and ELSA)

All excepting him and her. He's a writer, and she's a photographer.

GAUL

All the others yours?

CABOT

More than half of them are. Every one of them's my wife's, though.

GAUL

Well, it's been pleasant chatting with you. Now clear out of here. Go on up the street somewhere a couple of blocks.

(He starts to enter house)

CABOT

We ain't aiming to go no further just now.

GAUL

(Coming back)

When are you aiming to?

CABOT

After Leonie has the baby.

GAUL

After Leona has the baby. When will that be?

CABOT

That won't be for a couple of months.

GAUL

A couple of months? My God!

*(Looks around horrified, then hurries into house;
returns with his hat)*

ANN

(Terrified)

Barnaby!

GAUL

(On porch)

I can't stand noise and confusion and crowds of people
in my private life.

ANN

Barnaby! You're not *going*?

GAUL

I'm not staying.

ANN

I've already waited for you twenty-seven years. You just
arrived.

GAUL

Ann, you've got the most beautiful spirit in the world, but I can't hang around a house that's surrounded by Indians.

LEONA

Oklahomans.

GAUL

Same thing.

(To ANN)

I can tell you now, and truthfully, that I shall never forget you.

ANN

You're angry and excited, Barnaby. You don't know what you're saying.

(GAUL starts to go. ANN blocks his way. She rushes up on porch, trying desperately to hold GAUL with a wild gesture—her arms outstretched toward him. Frantically)

Barnaby! Don't go! Wait for me! Let me get my hat and coat. I'm coming with you. Barnaby!

(She runs after him out up left)

HENRY

(Running up to door of house—opening door and turning to the OTHERS)

The whole house is ours.

(He rushes into the house and is soon followed by all the OTHERS, including OLIVER and ELSA)

OLIVER

But, Mr. Yearling, you'll get in trouble. This is still private property. Of course *after* the revolution—

CABOT

Ah, to hell with the revolution.

(They enter house)

AL

(Alone, on the steps)

What am I doing here? I don't belong to this man and this woman. I'll go away. I'll be truly alone, as every man must be. Good-by, my father. Good-by, my mother. Good-by, my sisters and my brothers.

(As AL is walking away up left, JESSE, in one of ANN's hats, comes out and sees his brother going away)

JESSE

Al!

(AL stops, turns)

Where you going?

AL

Nowhere. Jesse, go on back!

JESSE

No. I know you're going away. I'm going with you. I don't want to be alone.

AL

(Coming into scene—tenderly)

Jesse, go on back! You can't go with me.

JESSE

(Grabs his brother around the waist, scbbing)

No. I won't go back. I *am* going with you.

AL

Jesse! Listen! I can't take care of you. I don't even know if I'll be able to take care of myself. Now go on back.

JESSE

Al, please take me with you. Please.

AL

I can't, Jesse. Now go on back!

JESSE

(Shouting after him)

You're a hell of a brother!

(AL turns and runs off up left. JESSE runs after him a short distance, and then comes back slowly—not crying—and sits down in front of the cement lion. Suddenly he stretches out on the lawn, face downward. ELSA comes out of the house. OLIVER's hat and suitcase follow. Then OLIVER, who stumbles out and falls on the ground. CABOT and NEWTON come onto the porch)

CABOT

You stay away from us with your God-damn propaganda. We voted for Roosevelt.

(CABOT and NEWTON go back into the house)

OLIVER

I don't know how I'm going to be able to write this and give it social significance.

(Gets to his feet)

ELSA

Don't be foolish. You just write what you wanted to write in the first place, and forget all these little complications.

OLIVER

(Sits on steps)

I'm disappointed.

ELSA

You've been betrayed. How dare they have personalities of their own? It would be a little cruel if one of the brighter children wrote a novel about *you*. One of them might, you know.

OLIVER

Sometimes it seems impossible to be of help.

ELSA

Be of help to who? No one wants to help anybody but himself.

OLIVER

I can't figure you out.

ELSA

You can't even figure out those simple people in the house. How do you expect to figure me out?—A Vassar girl!

OLIVER

(*Rises*)

The trouble with you Vassar girls is, you've got no faith.

ELSA

(*Standing center*)

And the trouble with you unpublished writers is, you *have*. Faith belongs to the great only. Foolish people aren't entitled to faith. They make trouble with it, for themselves and for everybody else. They gather their feebleness into crazy mobs that don't understand anything except to *insist*. If you want the world to be better, be better yourself.

OLIVER

(*Very angry*)

Shut up!

ELSA

(*Amazed*)

What?

OLIVER

(*Shouting*)

Shut up! That's what! I don't want to hear any more of this chit-chat.

ELSA

You know it's the truth.

OLIVER

Shut up, I said! I love you!

JESSE

Ha-ha-ha!

(OLIVER *studies* JESSE. JESSE *studies* OLIVER. OLIVER
takes some money out of his pocket)

OLIVER

Here! Here's half-a-dollar.

JESSE

(*Takes the coin*)

What for?

OLIVER

Get yourself an education and be like me.

JESSE

You two going along?

OLIVER

Yes. And to help you with *your* novel, I'm going to marry
her.

(*To ELSA*)

That's right.

JESSE

Are you coming back?

OLIVER

No, I'm not.

JESSE

Why?

OLIVER

Because I don't like you.

JESSE

Couldn't you make it seventy-five cents?

OLIVER

(Starts to bring out more money. In anger changes his mind)

No! Why should I?

JESSE

Ah, come on. Just two bits more.

OLIVER

No!

JESSE

(Picks up a rock and gets set to throw it. He is very angry for no reason. OLIVER enters the contest alertly and fearlessly)

Two bits.

OLIVER

You throw that rock, and I'll break your neck.

ELSA

Richard, be careful!

OLIVER

Shut up, I said. I can take care of myself.

JESSE

(Drawing a line on ground with his foot)

Cross this line and see what happens.

OLIVER

It so happens, I'm going the other way.

JESSE

Well, you better if you know what's good for you.

OLIVER

(Turns to ELSA)

What's more, we'll have kids, too. The God-damnedest punks in the world. Don't talk. You've said everything. To hell with the people in the house! Let God take care of them, the same as ever. To hell with art! To hell with propaganda! To hell with you! I love you, so shut up and let's try to live.

(Both exit through gate and off up left. JESSE watches them go. He looks at the half-dollar, then rushes into the house. Inside the house there is a great commotion. The children are singing "My Country 'Tis of Thee." GEORGE arrives from up left on his bike, and settles it by the gate. He hears the noise inside the house and rushes to the lower window)

GEORGIE

Hey. Cut out that racket.

(He turns suddenly and sees HENRY come out on the porch in one of ANN's dresses)

Who are you? What are you doing in that dress?

HENRY

(With dress over his own clothes)

I'm a society lady!

(He does a bump)

GEORGIE

Society lady? Where's Miss Ann Hamilton?

HENRY

Who?

GEORGIE

Miss Ann Hamilton.

HENRY

Annie doesn't live here any more.

GEORGIE

(Sees CABOT in upper window)

What are you people doing in this house?

CABOT

We aim to rest a while and catch our breath.

GEORGIE

Where's Barnaby Gaul?

HENRY

(Crosses down to bike at gate)

You mean that fellow with the straw hat? He went away.

*(SELMA, one of the twins, comes out and studies
GEORGIE. Showing herself off—flirting)*

SELMA

Hello!

GEORGIE

(Stung and shy)

Where's Miss Hamilton?

SELMA

(Coyly)

She went with the man. We're living here now.

GEORGIE

(Angry but impressed by SELMA's beauty. He suddenly notices HENRY fooling with his bicycle, trying to get on it)

Get away from that wheel!

(Drives HENRY away, turns and stares at SELMA)

SELMA

(Attractively)

You aiming to come back and pay us another visit some time?

GEORGIE

(Suddenly)

This house don't belong to you people.

SELMA

(Sweetly)

I hope you're aiming to come back.

VELMA

(The other twin, comes out and studies GEORGIE—also flirting)

Hello!

GEORGIE

(Very angrily)

Hello, nothing! ·

VELMA

What's your name?

GEORGIE

Never mind what my name is. You people get out of this house!

VELMA

My name's Velma.

GEORGIE

What do I care what your name is? You people are house-wreckers.

WILBUR

No, we're not.

VELMA

I'm sixteen. How old are you?

GEORGIE

What do I care how old you are? You people are mice.

WILBUR

No, we're not.

GEORGIE

(Heroically—after some effort)

You folks get out of this house. It belongs to Miss Ann Hamilton and Mr. Barnaby Gaul. It belongs to *true* love.

(VELMA and SELMA come toward GEORGIE. He is frightened. He pushes down on the pedal of his bike and rides off up left. The big boy, NEWTON, breaks out of the house, holding a half roasted

chicken, a bunch of grapes, bread, piece of cheese and other miscellaneous items of food. He is holding off two or three younger brothers and sisters)

NEWTON

The whole house is full of things to eat. I got mine.

(WARN Curtain)

(The TWINS hurry back into the house. HENRY follows them. There is great NOISE in the house; then, suddenly silence)

(GAUL returns from up left to pick up his suitcase, and tries to escape. ANN follows him)

ANN

Barnaby! You've come back.

GAUL

(Grandly—again the poet and vagrant, free and unencumbered)

Dear lady, you shame me. Your poetic words pierce me like arrows.

(He places hand over heart dramatically. He brings her into yard)

I am sweetly wounded by your devotion! I would be the lowest of the low to leave you here in this garden of disorder, except—except, I repeat—that there are things stronger even than love, if one can only discover them. I am *not* your man, *(Swiftly and softer)* except when I am.

(Crosses down with ANN to the left of porch. ANN sits in rocking chair)

That is the truth, and the truth is hard. Forgive me, dear lady. The lies I tell are never for the purpose of hurting others. There is murder in such lies. In mine there is birth. I say only what others wish me to say. I have said what you have wished to hear. Gentle deceit is best for the moment, but for the year, truth is best. Stay, I beg of you. Do not leave yourself. To be vagrant, dear lady, you must be swift.

(*Gently*)

Stay.

(*Softly. ANN's arm falls helplessly*)

I shall remember you. I promise. Good-by, dear lady.

(*ANN is stunned and for a moment looks helplessly around. She sees LEONA coming out on the porch. She hears noise and confusion inside the house. As in a trance she slowly goes out through the gate as the*)

CURTAIN FALLS

ACT TWO

ACT TWO

Several hours later, about two in the afternoon. Everything has quieted down. CABOT YEARLING is on the lawn in front of the house, sleeping in the shade.

LEONA is rocking in ANN'S rocking-chair on the porch. Miscellaneous CHILDREN are at miscellaneous games, in slow motion.

The scene is bright and somnolent. Cries of "Ice Cream" from far away.

The TWINS come out of the house, each in one of ANN'S dresses, each wearing high-heeled shoes, each powdered and rouged. They look like movie actresses.

MR. SMITH and MR. HARRIS, walking by left to right in the street, notice the GIRLS, come back, pause a moment, and then go away.

VELMA

(Coming down steps)

Look, Ma.

(LEONA looks, smiles maternally)

We bathed, too.

LEONA

Hear that, Cabot? They bathed, too.

SELMA

(Coming down steps)

Look, Pa. Look at *me*!

CABOT

(Sits up and looks)

Selma, you look like a picture actress. Leonie, why don't you dress up, too?

LEONA

Now, Cabot!

VELMA

There must be ten or eleven more dresses in the closet, Ma.

CABOT

Why, sure, Leonie. Does a woman good to dress up fancy once in a while. Any men's clothes in there?

SELMA

No men's clothes, but lots of dresses.

CABOT

(Lying back again)

Go on inside, Leonie, and get into some pretty things.

LEONA

Well, all right, Cabot

(She goes into the house)

VELMA

(With pride)

We're going to walk around town, Pa.

CABOT

Well, all right.

(Sleepily)

Be careful.

VELMA

(To SELMA, lifting her dress high)

Are my stockings straight?

(The stockings are red)

SELMA

(Lifting her dress, revealing blue stockings)

Uh-huh. Mine?

VELMA

Uh-huh. Well, come on.

(The GIRLS walk away up left. CABOT gets up on an elbow to watch and shakes his head sadly. MR. SMITH and MR. HARRIS walk by in the street, following the girls)

CABOT

(Sadly)

I'll be losing them girls soon. Get married, or go on the stage, or meet somebody, or something.

(Falls back helpless, and looks straight up in great loneliness)

They grow up and leave you.

(He sits up impressively, looks around and nods several times at the truth he has discovered)

They grow up and go away.

(Pause and deep thought)

First they're little children you can hardly recognize, and then all of a sudden they're—*(With awe and irritation and resentment)* women.

(He sighs, exhaling sorrowfully. Pause. Loudly and with anger)

It's moving pictures that does it. Moving pictures.

(Broken-hearted)

They was always the nicest children I ever knew. Sweet and thoughtful and courteous. Now, they're women. It's moving pictures! Clark Gable and all them different men coming into their lives. All those heroes jumping on horses all the time, saving people from drowning, winning wars. All them good-looking men putting their heads close to women, talking confidentially. Reciting poetry. Whispering in their ears.

(Very angry)

I remember a picture where the fellow *bit* her ear. *Bit it!* All them well-dressed men with millions of dollars, doing all kinds of brave things. You can't hardly blame the children. They don't know there ain't any people like that. They get impatient to grow up, so they can meet moving picture millionaires. I've been through ten states, and I've never seen anybody like Clark Gable, fixing everything up everywhere. I've seen 'em in one state the same as in another, working, or tired, or worried, or sick. It's moving pic-

tures, making promises they can't keep. I'll be losing them girls soon. I can see it in their eyes. No matter what a man does, it just seems like he's always going to lose something.

(He sighs)

It scares a man. Gives him a lonely feeling.

(He lies back sadly. GEORGIE AMERICANOS arrives on his bicycle and settles it by the gate; crosses up to porch. CABOT sits up dreamily)

Telegram for me?

GEORGIE

Telegram for you! I want to talk to Miss Hamilton.

CABOT

Ain't nobody here but us.

GEORGIE

What right have you got to move into somebody else's house?

CABOT

We aim to rest a while and catch our breath.

GEORGIE

What kind of people are you, anyway?

CABOT

Migratory workers.

GEORGIE

Well, why don't you work? Or migrate?

CABOT

Leonie can't work. She's going to have a baby. The big

boy gets tired easy. The twins—they just went to town—they don't like farm work. The others are all too little.

GEORGIE

Well, why don't you work?

CABOT

(Lies down again)

Can't get a job.

GEORGIE

(Disgusted)

Ah. You're just no good. What made you come to California from Oklahoma?

CABOT

(Melodramatically)

Dust.

GEORGIE

Dust! Where'd you get that from?

CABOT

(Up)

The writer told me.

GEORGIE

(Disgusted)

You could have gone the other way. You could have gone to Kansas or somewhere down around in there.

CABOT

(Down)

Nope. California.

GEORGIE

Aaaah. You people are no good, that's all. Well, you better get out of this house in a hurry, and don't forget it.

CABOT

Ain't your house.

GEORGIE

(Burning up)

Ain't yours either.

CABOT

Ain't yours.

GEORGIE

Ain't yours either. You're taking advantage of Miss Hamilton—driving her out of her own house. You ought to be ashamed.

CABOT

We didn't drive nobody from nowhere. He just went, and then *she* just went. No use leaving the house empty.

GEORGIE

How do you expect anybody to live in a house with a million people like you hanging around?

CABOT

(Terribly disgusted)

Sixteen people.

(ANN in deep and tragic sorrow, arrives down right, excited)

We was in the front yard, minding our own business—

GEORGIE

What's the matter, Miss Hamilton?

ANN

(Sits on porch)

He's gone.

GEORGIE

Gone? Where'd he go?

ANN

I don't know. He said he was going back to Boston.

GEORGIE

Boston?

ANN

He said for me to forget him.

GEORGIE

Aaah.

ANN

I begged him to take me with him, but he wouldn't do it. I told him I'd sell the house. I told him to give me two or three days and I'd sell the house and we'd go away together, but he said he had to start going right away.

GEORGIE

How'd he go? By train?

ANN

(Rises and crosses left)

He went running.

GEORGIE

How can a man run to Boston?

ANN

I ran after him a while, and then I couldn't run any more.
Now, I don't know what to do.

GEORGIE

Listen, Miss Hamilton. He's just a good-for-nothing tramp,
like everybody else around here.
(Crosses to CABOT)

CABOT

(Up)
Migratory worker.

ANN

(Defensively)
He's an itinerant merchant.

GEORGIE

Yeah? What does he sell?

ANN

Medicine.
(She brings a bottle out of her handbag)
He gave me a bottle of it.
(Hands the bottle to GEORGIE)

GEORGIE

(Reading the label)
Dr. Greatheart's Five-Star Multi-Purpose Indian Remedy.
Good for all kinds of aches, pains and sores. Works ex-

ternally as well as internally. Quiets nerves. Stimulates super-human powers in tired men. Excellent for female nervous wrecks. Cures backaches. Contains numerous secret vitamins. Good for epilepsy, toothache, social diseases, earache, stomach disorders, insanity. Aaaaah, this is a lot of hooey.

CABOT

Son, let me have a look at that bottle.

GEORGIE

One dollar a bottle. Is that what he sells?

ANN

Yes. He's got a suitcase full of them. He's gone.

GEORGIE

Well, you better forget him.

ANN

Forget him? I'm going to sell this house and go to Boston.

GEORGIE

He isn't going to Boston. He'll go to some town near here somewhere: Visalia, or Hanford, or Coalingo, or some other little town where there are lots of poor, *ignorant* people in the streets who will buy his medicine.

CABOT

Uninformed.

ANN

Well, wherever he goes, I'm going, too.

GEORGIE

Listen, Miss Hamilton, that telegram wasn't a real telegram.

ANN

Of course it was real.

GEORGIE

No, it wasn't. That man's name isn't Barnaby Gaul.

ANN

Now, Georgie, don't tell lies just to comfort me.

GEORGIE

I'm *not* comforting you.

ANN

Georgie, I *know* the truth.

GEORGIE

O.K., then. I'll get Barnaby *Gaul*.

ANN

Will you, Georgie?

GEORGIE

Sure, I will. I'll bring him back here, if that's what you want.

ANN

Oh, I do, Georgie. Will you get him?

GEORGIE

If you'll get these people out of your house, I will.

ANN

(Feebly to CABOT who is sleeping)

You get out of here. Go away.

(To GEORGIE)

They won't go.

GEORGIE

Listen, you. You heard her. This is her house. Pack up your junk and get out of here.

(LEONA comes out of the house in one of ANN's dresses)

ANN

(To LEONA)

You take off my dress and get out of my house.

LEONA

My dress.

ANN

It's *not* your dress. I bought that dress at Gottschalk's in Fresno three years ago.

LEONA

My dress.

GEORGIE

(Stupefied and disgusted)

Aaaaaaah.

(HARRY comes out of the house with a book and lies down on the lawn)

ANN

Georgie, help me.

GEORGIE

(Crosses to porch)

Listen, you riff-raff!

(THREE BOYS appear at upper windows)

Get out of this lady's house! Do you hear?

LEONA

You hush, child. You're just a boy. You don't understand things.

CABOT

That's right, son. You go along and deliver your telegrams. This is a matter that don't concern you.

GEORGIE

Aaaah.

ANN

I'm going into my house.

(She hurries up steps and into house)

HENRY

(In upper window)

It's our house now. Losers weepers; finders keepers.

GEORGIE

You people leave that lady alone. You people are gangsters.

HARRY

No, we're not.

(ANN comes out of the house, bewildered and dazed)

ANN

Georgie, they're all over the house. They've eaten everything. Broken everything. Stolen everything. And they won't go.

GEORGIE

I'll go get the police.

ANN

What'll I do? Where'll I go?

GEORGIE

You go over to my house. My father's there. His name's Stylianos. The address is 137 Vine Street. You know where that is?

ANN

137 Vine Street. I'll find it.

GEORGIE

Tell my father everything, and wait there for me.

ANN

All right, Georgie. Thanks ever so much.

GEORGIE

Any time.

ANN

137 Vine Street.

(She goes out gate and off up right)

GEORGIE

(Pushing down the pedal on his bike)

That's right. I'll get the police to come here and *make* them go away. I'll get a writ of some kind.

CABOT

Writ? The whole nation's behind us.

(GEORGIE *rides off up left.*)

(LEONA *sits down in the rocking-chair.* CABOT *stretches out in the shade.* Everything is quiet and peaceful. Then DAVID F. WINDMORE *arrives from up left.* WINDMORE is neatly but uncomfortably dressed for that region and climate, and his imitation leather briefcase appears to be dying of loneliness and exposure. WINDMORE is a brisk young man, bursting with positiveness, confidence, stick-to-it-ive-ness, and many other horrible things. He speaks swiftly, but enunciates his words very carefully, so that they have the effect of sounding unreal and foreign)

WINDMORE

(To CABOT)

Good afternoon, sir.

CABOT

(*Sitting up, startled at the strange voice and manner of speaking*)

Good afternoon.

WINDMORE

(To LEONA)

How do you do, ma'am?

LEONA

How do?

WINDMORE

(To CABOT and LEONA both)

A lovely day. A beautiful countryside. A rich and fertile valley. A benevolent warmth. A delightful pressure of air.

(Almost in the same breath)

My name is David F. Windmore. Think of wind for wind. Think of more-or-less for more: Windmore. Think of David and Goliath for David, and think of Frank for F, although the F is actually for Fenimore.

CABOT

Hear that, Leonie?

WINDMORE

(Opening briefcase, efficiently)

No home life is a full home life unless included among its general activities is the special and important activity of r-r-r-reading.

CABOT

Hear that?

WINDMORE

A well-read man is a well-bred man. He is a man who can carry on a lively and intelligent conversation on any topic with anybody, and therefore his company is desirable on all sides.

CABOT

What must I do?

WINDMORE

(*Bringing out a copy of Time Magazine*)

Time Magazine—curt, clear, complete—brings to your home every Friday all the news of the world: Art, books, business, cinema, education, medicine, music, people, press, radio, religion, science, sport, and theater. National affairs: The President, the Congress, Labor, the States, crime, politics, and so on. World War, Poland, Germany, France, England, Russia, Finland, and the others. Military events at sea. Sinking of ships. Submarines and mines. China and Japan. Time marches on.

CABOT

(*Eagerly*)

How do they get that news? Telegraph?

WINDMORE

Time Magazine is assembled every week by intelligent men all over the world. Editor of the magazine is Henry R. Luce.

CABOT

Henry R. Luce.

(*Sleepily*)

College man, I suppose. Educated.

WINDMORE

The managing editors are: Manfred Gottfried—

CABOT

Manfred Gottfried.

WINDMORE

Frank Norris.

CABOT

Norris.

WINDMORE

T. S. Matthews.

CABOT

Matthews.

WINDMORE

The Associate Editors are Carlton J. Balliett Jr.—

CABOT

Junior.

LEONA

Cabot, let the man talk.

WINDMORE

Carlton J. Balliett Jr., Robert Cantwell, Laird S. Goldsborough, David W. Hulburd Jr., John Stuart Martin, Fanny Saul, Walter Stockly, Dana Tasker, Charles Wertenbaker.

(LEONA begins to rock in her chair. CABOT lies down and looks up at the sky, drawing pictures in the air, erasing them, and drawing new ones)

The Contributing Editors of *Time Magazine* are: Roy Alexander, John F. Allen, Robert W. Boyd Jr., Roger Butterfield, Whittaker Chambers, James G. Crowley, Robert Fitzgerald, Calvin Fixx, Walter Graebner, John Hersey, Sidney L. James, Eliot Janeway, Pearl Kroll, Louis Kronenberger, Thomas K. Krug, John T. McManus, Sherry Mangin, Peter Matthews, Robert Neville, Emeline Nollen,

Duncan Norton-Taylor, Sidney Olsen, John Osborne, Content Peckham, Green Peyton, Williston C. Rich Jr., Winthrop Sargeant, Robert Sherrod, Lois Stover, Leon Svirsky, Felice Swados, Samuel G. Welles Jr., Warren Wilhelm, and Alfred Wright Jr.

(CABOT drops his arm and turns over to go to sleep. LEONA rocks slower and slower, and then stops completely. WINDMORE notices them out of the corner of his eyes, pauses a moment, but decides to go right ahead with his work)

(GAUL arrives from up left)

The Editorial Assistants of *Time Magazine* are:

(GAUL enters through gate)

LEONA

Yes. Tell us who *they* are.

WINDMORE

Ellen May Ach, Sheila Baker, Sonia Bigman, Elizabeth Budelman, Maria de Blasio, Hannah Durand, Jean Ford, Dorothy Gorrell, Helen Gwynn, Edith Hind, Lois Holsworth, Diana Jackson, Mary V. Johnson, Alice Lent, Kathrine Lowe, Carolyn Marx, Helen McCreery, Gertrude McCullough, Mary Louise Mickey, Anna North, Mary Palmer, Tabitha Petran, Elizabeth Sacartoff, Frances Stevenson, Helen Vind, Eleanor Welch, and Mary Welles.

(Looks from one to the other)

LEONA

(Lifts her head and opens her eyes)

No more names?

WINDMORE

No, that just about winds up the editorial department.

LEONA

What were some of those nice names again?

WINDMORE

Duncan Norton-Taylor. Williston C. Rich Jr.

LEONA

Yes, yes. My name's Leona. I don't know what you could think of for Leona. Could you tell me?

WINDMORE

Oh, I'll remember it all right. Leona. It's an easy name to remember.

LEONA

Leona Yearling. What could you think of for Yearling?

WINDMORE

Yearling. That's easy, too. I'll remember it all right. Now, Mrs. Yearling, *Time Magazine*, I think you'll agree, is something you and Mr. Yearling should read.

CABOT

(*Half asleep*)

Is that so?

WINDMORE

(*Brightly*)

The subscription rate is five dollars for one year. All you have to do is sign this form and next Friday the mailman will bring you your first copy of *Time*.

CABOT

Is that all I've got to do?

WINDMORE

That's all. We'll bill you later.

CABOT

Give me a pencil.

WINDMORE

Oh. Life will be so much more interesting for you after *Time Magazine* begins to arrive every Friday. So much more dramatic and exciting.

(Filling in the form)

Mr. Cabot Yearling. 333 Orchard Avenue. Bakersfield, California.

CABOT

That's right. Where do I sign?

WINDMORE

On this line, Mr. Yearling. Wouldn't you rather sit up?

CABOT

No. I just want to sleep a little. I enjoy sleeping in the afternoon. Here?

WINDMORE

Yes, Mr. Yearling.

CABOT

(Signing)

X—X.

(Hands the form back)

There you are, son. You haven't got a cigar, have you?

WINDMORE

No, I'm sorry, I haven't. I don't smoke.

CABOT

It don't matter, really. I just thought you might have one.

WINDMORE

Until next Friday, then.

CABOT

Next Friday.

WINDMORE

It's been a pleasure, Mr. Yearling.

CABOT

Not at all.

WINDMORE

Mrs. Yearling.

LEONA

Couldn't you just say a few more of those names?

WINDMORE

(Brightly)

Henry R. Luce, Manfred Gottfried, Carlton J. Balliett Jr.

LEONA

My gracious.

WINDMORE

Whittaker Chambers. Calvin Fixx. Louis Kronenberger.
Oh, yes, Mrs. Yearling. Laird S. Goldsborough.

LEONA

Laird S. Goldsborough.

WINDMORE

Oh, yes, Mrs. Yearling, Laird S. Goldsborough.

(He bends over CABOT briskly, extending his hand)

CABOT

(Frightened. Half asleep)

What do you want?

WINDMORE

Just to shake your hand, Mr. Yearling.

CABOT

Oh.

(He holds up his hand, which WINDMORE grasps and shakes violently)

WINDMORE

Mrs. Yearling?

(He shakes her hand, too)

Until next Friday, then.

LEONA

Just one more name.

WINDMORE

Well, let me see. Felice Swados?

LEONA

Felice Swados.

WINDMORE

And last but not least, my own personal gift to my clients.

(He brings out a toy horn; blows it; hands one to LEONA)

Mrs. Yearling.

(Hands another to CABOT)

Mr. Yearling. And now, good-by.

(WINDMORE turns to go out gate. GAUL, who has been listening out in the street, suddenly speaks, or rather roars. He commands the whole area immediately)

GAUL

Just a moment.

(HENRY is running around the house up right. He stops cold and turns. CABOT gets to his elbow and turns. LEONA stops rocking. WINDMORE halts. To WINDMORE, completely impersonal)

My friend, my fellow worker in the field, and, I believe but regret, my contemporary. With no intention in the world of being rude to you, or to these good and humble people of the earth, I could not help overhearing part—and perhaps the greater part—of that which I shall generously call your pitch.

(JESSE puts his head out of an upstairs window)

Step up just a little closer, please.

(Takes folding stand from suitcase and sets it center. WINDMORE moves forward. CABOT gets up completely. HENRY, LUCY and the other CHILDREN move forward a little. JESSE climbs out of the window onto the roof)

For the purpose of the amazing demonstration I am about to make, I must trouble you for a silver dollar. One silver American dollar.

(GAUL is holding a deck of cards—he forces WINDMORE to take out a dollar)

Thank you.

WINDMORE

(Hesitates)

For the demonstration?

GAUL

For the demonstration.

WINDMORE

What kind of a demonstration is it?

GAUL

(Taking dollar out of WINDMORE's hand)

A most amazing demonstration. Now, will you be good enough to take a card. Any card at all.

(WINDMORE takes a card GAUL has pushed out farther than any other card in the deck)

Thank you. What card have you?

WINDMORE

The Nine of Clubs.

GAUL

(Taking the card)

The Nine of Clubs.

(Showing the card around daintily)

Will you place the Nine of Clubs on the table face down.

(Crosses to LEONA on porch)

Madam, will you be good enough to take a card?

(LEONA takes a card)

Thank you. What card have you?

LEONA

The Nine of Clubs.

(WINDMORE reaches for his dollar)

GAUL

One moment, please.

(To LEONA)

Will you kindly hold the Nine of Clubs aloft? Step up a little closer, please. On this card I will place this silver dollar. Around the card and the silver dollar, I will place these three candles, and I will light them. One. Two. Three.

(He does so)

LUCY

(Sings)

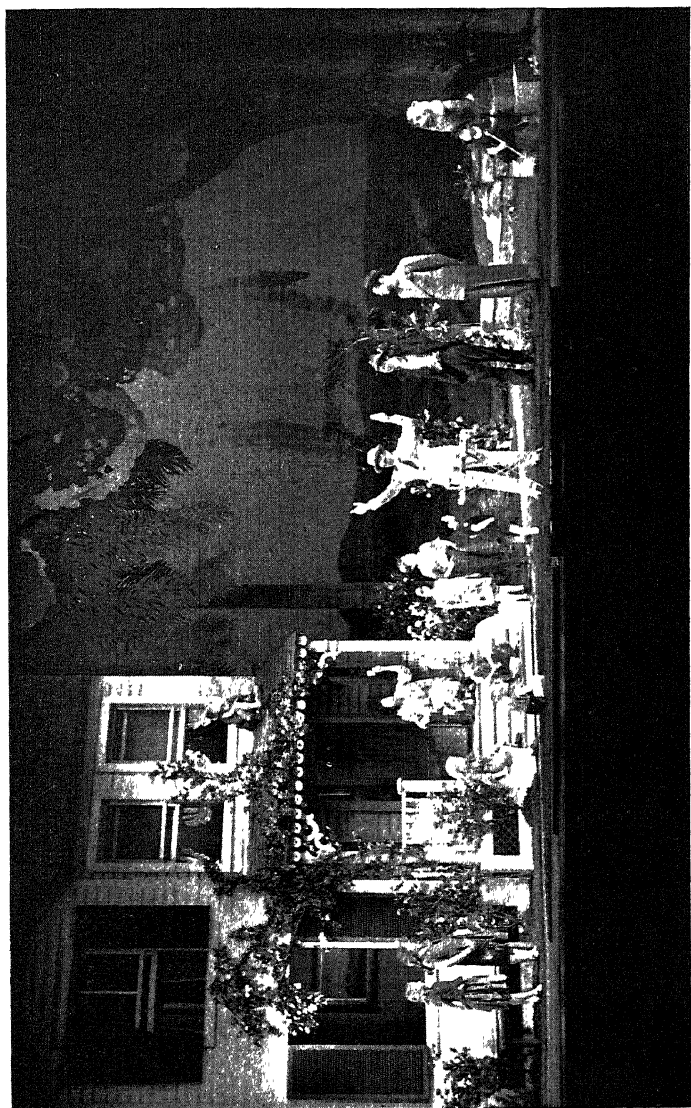
Happy birthday to you. Happy birthday to you.

GAUL

Thank you, dear child. Now. The card is on the table. The dollar is on the card. The three candles are burning.

(Impersonally)

Step up just a little closer, please.



(EVERYBODY moves in a little closer)

WINDMORE

(*Impatiently*)

I'm sorry. I must go. Give me back my dollar.

GAUL

(*Furiously, but impersonally*)

Please do not interrupt. Never interrupt a pitch. At least not a high pitch.

(WINDMORE is silenced. GAUL studies WINDMORE)

You are no doubt a Harvard man. A man only recently turned loose into the world from one of the larger and more exclusive Universities of the East: Harvard, Yale, Princeton, or Dartmouth. My association with Universities has been comparatively meager. I have only seen a University. A Baptist University, I believe, somewhere or other in the State of Ohio. Furthermore, you are a reader of *Esquire Magazine*.

WINDMORE

This suit was given to me by my mother.

GAUL

Your mother is a reader of *Esquire Magazine*. I read religious pamphlets, brochures on the lesser known arts, catalogues, and for relaxation the labels on bottles of various kinds, usually empty.

WINDMORE

This is nonsense.

GAUL

Nonsense? No, my friend. *You* are nonsense. I only dwell in a world of nonsense.

(*Swiftly sober—seriously*)

I have neither degree nor diploma, and yet it is I, not you, who goes about with tidings of hope. I heal the wounds of people. I instruct them in courage and fortitude, not you.

CABOT

Hear that, Leonie? He's a preacher.

GAUL

No, my good friend, you are mistaken. My father was a preacher. I am a doctor. There is no other word for it. At the same time, I am more than a doctor.

CABOT

Well, Doc. What about them pains in my head?

GAUL

Stop thinking, my friend, stop thinking. I heal those mysterious ailments in the living which science itself has not been able to isolate or identify. I destroy death in the living. That is my work. Step up just a little closer, please.

(*EVERYBODY moves forward a little. A SHOPPER enters up right in the street; stops to listen*)

WINDMORE

Will you please give me back my dollar?

GAUL

(Loudly, with anger and impatience)

Not another word. Not another word.

(Softly)

You are not one who is exempt from the illnesses it is my purpose here to cure. You are not exempt.

(Gently—swiftly)

I have returned to say a gentle word to the woman whose good heart I have hurt.

(He crosses to LEONA, who is still holding the card aloft)

You may put the card down, Madam.

(Shouting)

Ann! Ann!

CABOT

She ain't here, Doc.

GAUL

Where is she?

CABOT

She came back, Doc, but she went away again.

GAUL

(Guiltily, with great but loud remorse)

I quarreled with her in the streets. I ran from her as though she were death itself. I came to plead with this woman. I came hoping she would be established in her home again. I came to see these good and honest people.

(To CABOT)

Yes, you. And you.

(To LUCY)

And you. You *are* honest and you *are* good. As the world has made you, so must I understand you, for as the world has made me, so must I be understood. Understanding you, I know that this house is yours, no less than hers. You were commanded to be fruitful, and by God you have been fruitful. No man may say the fruit you have brought forth is not the finest in the world, since it is yours, and you could bring forth no other. But it is mine, too, and mine is yours. Love is selfish. I returned hoping you would be gone.

CABOT

We aim to rest a while and catch our breath.

GAUL

I know. I know. I returned knowing that you would *not* be gone.

(Loudly)

There is nowhere for you to go. I can go where I please, but when there is homelessness, I am homeless. I am not separated from any part of life. Here in this front yard, I must wage with others the war in Europe, even. I am encumbered by you in the depths of my sleep. When there is hunger, I am hungry, and when the children weep, they are my children.

(To WINDMORE, *sharply*)

You have studied, no doubt, the reasons for things: for disgrace, for wretchedness, for disease and for stupor.

WINDMORE

I studied business administration.

GAUL

You would have done better to study sleep, as—

(*Indicating CABOT*)

—this man has.

(*To WINDMORE*)

I have studied the reasons for things: for disgrace, for wretchedness, for disease, for stupor. No man in the world knows better than I why these tragic things occur in that most miraculous and magnificent creation of the hand of God: the noble body which is man. *You* bring news of world-wide madness and horror to the living every Friday. You make of universal crime a topic for idle reading. You tell the people of foolishness everywhere, every week. That's fine. *I* bring *hope* to the people. I have here in these bottles a medicine. The juices of certain roots and barks are extracted and boiled together—

(*HUSBAND who has entered up left with his wife, comes down and whispers in GAUL's ear*)

Is this the lady?

(*HUSBAND nods, GAUL slaps a bottle into his hand*)

It has never failed, my friend. It has never failed.

(*HUSBAND hands GAUL a dollar*)

Thank you, my friend. May the Good Lord bless you.

(*HUSBAND and his WIFE leave up right*)

This mixture, which has an appropriately bitter flavor, cannot, I am sure, cure anything. It can do no harm,

but it can cure nothing. What this fluid actually is only God knows. But the taking of this fluid is the taking of faith. And with these bottles I carry to the people that which they need most. *Faith*. Do you understand?

WINDMORE

No, I do *not* understand.

GAUL

This humble medicine can restore a kind of faith as long as the bottle is not empty.

(Sorrowfully)

I know of no other way in which to do anything about the wretchedness I see everywhere I go.

(Broken-hearted)

The regular cost is two dollars. For this area of California only, and for this day only, the cost has been reduced one half. One dollar for one bottle. The bottle is yours.

WINDMORE

I do not want it.

GAUL

(Furiously. Deeply wounded and very angry—shouting)

You would reject Jesus, I believe.

(He blows out the candles)

WINDMORE

I don't need any medicine, whatsoever.

GAUL

You are the sickest man in the world.

(He begins to pack up his suitcase)

WINDMORE

(Testily)

You are a charlatan.

GAUL

There were many who said the same of the Son of Man.

WINDMORE

What about the Nine of Clubs?

GAUL

It is still here, as you see.

WINDMORE

What about the dollar on the Nine of Clubs?

GAUL

It is gone, as you see. Drink and go away.

WINDMORE

Where is my dollar?

GAUL

Your dollar? Whose image is engraved upon the dollar?

WINDMORE

I don't know. I haven't looked carefully lately. But I will not drink and I want my dollar.

GAUL

Ah—ha. Just as I thought. You are not a student.

(Slowly)

I gave to Caesar long ago that which belongs to Caesar.
Go.

WINDMORE

Give me back my dollar.

GAUL

(Closing his suitcase)

Go. I lose my patience.

(Intimately, to CABOT)

Here is the dollar. Purchase commodities for the children. Buy ridiculous things. This is a ridiculous world. Drink this.

(CABOT takes the dollar. GAUL hands CABOT a bottle, turns to go to gate)

WINDMORE

(Following him)

Give me back my money, you thief.

GAUL

(Stopping, as if stabbed in the back)

Thief? I am a missionary. If I find other college men in the streets, I will come back later with more money. Until next Friday then.

(GAUL goes off up left)

WINDMORE

(Following him)

Henry R. Luce. Curt, clear, complete. Laird S. Goldsborough. National affairs. Crime. Politics. Religion. Louis Kronenberger. Business administration. World War. \$5.00 a year. You don't need to wait till next Friday.

(Throws Time Magazine to CABOT, and goes off up left.)

(CABOT and LEONA watch him silently and without understanding. CABOT picks up the magazine—looks at it for a moment, blows the horn that WINDMORE left for him. Then throws them both down)

CABOT

It don't make sense.

(CABOT takes a drink of GAUL's medicine. He almost finishes bottle, and gets to his feet. Starts to strut about)

LEONA

(Blowing the horn WINDMORE gave her)

Do you remember any of the names, Cabot?

CABOT

What names?

LEONA

The wonderful names the magazine man said.

CABOT

I forgot 'em all, Leonie. But did you ever hear a man talk the way that man with the bottles talked?

LEONA

I never heard anything like it before. What's going on in the world, Cabot?

CABOT

(Sits. Authoritatively)

Leonie, I'm glad you asked me that. You see, the way things are. You know, about industry and all. One thing

and another, they don't hardly ever match up equivalent or comparative.

LEONA

Why, Cabot, I never heard you talk like that before.

CABOT

(Sitting up)

Oh, sure, Leonie. I just don't meet the right people. The law of averages, don't you see, like when you take two and two, and subtract one, somehow or other it don't make no difference. Oh, I can think along with the best of them, Leonie. I *do* get the ideas sometimes. You remember the way I talked to that writer. I said all those things, where he came in about social security. Social security. Oh, sure. I said all those things. Economic stability and things like that. You remember how I said propaganda right to his face. Exploitation. You remember that. Land erosion and all those different things.

(Suddenly)

Oh, I can talk to 'em, Leonie. I can talk right up to 'em. Educational systems and all those.

LEONA

My, Cabot. You do sound good to hear.

CABOT

(Takes another drink from bottle)

Oh, hell fire, yeah, Leonie. I'm not so old.

(He yawns, looks around. His eyes go back to LEONA several times, and then stay there, unmistakably indicating how absurd it is for him to talk, whose func-

tion it is to know nothing, understand nothing, but to be fruitful. His voice loses its abstract vigor and youth, and becomes personal and a little ashamed)

Leonie, you look good. Young and beautiful and—

LEONA

Oh, hush, Cabot!

CABOT

(Spitting)

You do, Leonie. Yes, you do. Come sit by my side.

(LEONA sits down beside CABOT. The big boy, NEWTON, comes around the house, up right)

NEWTON

Pa! What are you doing with that pretty woman? I'm going to tell Ma.

CABOT

Newt, this is your Ma.

NEWTON

Is that you, Ma?

LEONA

Yep.

NEWTON

I thought Pa was carrying on with some pretty woman again.

LEONA

Shucks, no, Newt. It's just me, bathed and dressed.

NEWTON

Did you bathe again, Ma?

LEONA

Yep.

CABOT

(*Smelling* LEONA)

Smells like soap. Clean and sweet.

LEONA

Now, Cabot.

CABOT

Newt, go away somewhere. I want to talk to your Ma.

NEWTON

No. I want to listen.

CABOT

Now do as I say. Go away.

NEWTON

Why?

CABOT

I've got things to talk over with your Ma.

NEWTON

I'm tired, Ma. Can I put my head on your lap and go to sleep, like I used to?

LEONA

Newt, you're too big a boy for that.

NEWTON

I ain't.

CABOT

Now, get the hell out of here, Newt.

NEWTON

I won't.

CABOT

You get the hell out of here, or I'll up and spank you.

NEWTON

No, you won't.

CABOT

(Threatening to get to his feet)

I won't, won't I?

LEONA

Now, Cabot.

NEWTON

No, you won't. She's my mother, and I guess I got a right to rest my head on her lap.

CABOT

And I'm your father, and I guess I got a right to get up and kick your pants.

NEWTON

Ma, tell him to stop.

LEONA

Cabot, let the boy rest his head.

NEWTON

Sure, Pa.

(GEORGIE arrives from up left, unseen. Gets off his bike, watching and listening, fascinated but a little frightened. He keeps out of sight)

CABOT

You go away, Newton Yearling.

NEWTON

Ah, Pa, I'm tired. I want to go to sleep.

CABOT

Go in the house and sleep. There's a time and place for everything.

LEONA

Let the poor boy rest his head, Cabot.

CABOT

Leonie, you're my wife.

NEWTON

She's my mother.

LEONA

Now, now.

CABOT

I won't have you spoiling a full-grown boy. Go away, Newt. Hurry, now.

NEWTON

I won't! I won't! I won't!

CABOT

(Getting up slowly)

You won't, won't you?

(He suddenly breaks into a powerful trot. NEWTON is away to a good start, with his FATHER running after him, up right. LEONA sits alone. WILBUR enters from house; puts head in LEONA's lap)

LEONA

My, it's good to be alive and bathed.

CABOT'S VOICE

(From behind the house)

Newt, you son of a bitch, drop that club or I'll break your arm.

NEWTON'S VOICE

Don't come any closer, Pa, or I'll knock your head off.

CABOT'S VOICE

Drop that club, Newt, and run for your life, now.

NEWTON'S VOICE

Don't you fool with me, Pa. I'll hit you down. Look out now, Pa. I'm warning you. Don't come any closer.

CABOT'S VOICE

Drop that club, I tell you, and run.

(The sound of human substance struck by a club is heard)

Newt!

NEWTON'S VOICE

I warned you, Pa.

LEONA

My, it's peaceful and wonderful here.

(NEWTON returns, up right, throws club alongside lion, picks up WILBUR, lies down and puts his head on LEONA's lap. WILBUR goes into the house)

NEWTON

Ma.

LEONA

(Pause)

Newt. Where's your Pa?

NEWTON

(Half asleep)

In the back yard. I hit him over the head with a club.

LEONA

Is he hurt?

NEWTON

I think he's dead.

LEONA

Now, Newt, you shouldn't ought to have done that.

NEWTON

Maybe he ain't.

LEONA

A good son shouldn't ought to hit his Pa with a club.

NEWTON

Well, why wouldn't he let me rest my head on your lap?

LEONA

All right. Sleep now.

(A FARMER comes from up left, all worried and nervous)

FARMER

Excuse me, ma'am? Anybody around here looking for work?

LEONA

What kind of work?

FARMER

Picking grapes. That man there. I can pay him thirty cents an hour. If he doesn't want to work by the hour I can give him three cents a box. A fast worker can pick fourteen or fifteen boxes an hour. That's about forty-five cents. I've got a heavy crop this year.

LEONA

No, I guess not.

FARMER

I need help bad this year, ma'am. He looks like a big man.

LEONA

No, he gets tired easy. Go talk to my husband. He's in the back yard somewhere.

FARMER

All right, ma'am.

(Going to back of house up right)

I sure could use a few good hands.

NEWTON

(Half asleep)

Who was it, Ma?

LEONA

Just a farmer, looking for workers.

(The TWINS return from up left, on arms of MR. SMITH and MR. HARRIS. They come down center)

VELMA

Ma, this is Mr. Harris. He's going to put me on the stage.

SELMA

Ma, this is Mr. Smith. He's going to put me on the stage, too.

LEONA

Well, that's nice. I knew you two would get somewhere in the world some day. I'm proud of you.

MR. HARRIS

You're *entitled* to be proud of these girls, Mrs. Yearling. Two or three months of instruction is all they need. After that, fame and fortune.

MR. SMITH

We'll take all responsibility for the girls, Mrs. Yearling. Don't you worry about anything.

MR. HARRIS

(Handing LEONA a card)

Our card. We're with the West Coast Novelty Amusement people. Branches in all major cities of the Pacific

Coast. Our school's in San Francisco. We'll see that the girls are properly cared for, instructed, and protected from unsuitable companions.

MR. SMITH

You have nothing to worry about, Mrs. Yearling. Mrs. Cavanaugh will escort the girls to San Francisco, and look over them like a mother. In the meantime, we want to advance a little something to you on their future earnings.

(He counts out crisp new bills)

One, two, three, four, five. Six, seven, eight, nine, ten.

LEONA

Did you say "novelty people"?

MR. SMITH

(He makes a complete somersault, much to the surprise of LEONA)

Yes, novelty.

VELMA

Gee!

LEONA

My! It's certainly good to see something unusual once in a while.

VELMA

Isn't it wonderful, Ma?

LEONA

I'm proud of you.

MR. SMITH

We've only got a few minutes to catch the train.

LEONA

Now you take good care of them.

MR. SMITH

Oh, we will, Mrs. Yearling. Don't you worry about that.

(A SHERIFF in plain, untidy clothing, wearing a badge, enters up left)

GEORGIE

I've been waiting for you, Sheriff. Gosh! I thought you'd never get here. These are the people.

SHERIFF

Don't you worry, Georgie. I'll straighten out everything in a minute or two. Law and order in the Sovereign State of California.

(SMITH, HARRIS and the TWINS go off up left)

FARMER

(Returning up right)

Ma'am, I think that man's dead.

SHERIFF

Somebody been killed?

FARMER

Yes. Her husband.

SHERIFF

Who killed him?

NEWTON

(Sitting up and smiling)

I did. I hit him over the head with a club.

GEORGIE

No, he didn't!

SHERIFF

Well, how did he die, then?

GEORGIE

He tripped and fell—off the back porch—on his head.

SHERIFF

Let me make an *official* investigation.

(To LEONA)

Get your family together.

(Goes behind the house to right)

NEWTON

Ma, he didn't fall. I hit him.

GEORGIE

He fell.

NEWTON

(Getting up, going to club and lifting it off the ground)

I hit him with this.

GEORGIE

Give me that club.

(Takes club from NEWTON, throws it behind near the lion)

If you don't want a lot of trouble, ma'am, get your family together and go away.

FARMER

He killed his father!

GEORGIE

He didn't kill anybody.

FARMER

He said he did.

GEORGIE

What do you expect a great big idiot like that to say?

NEWTON

I did too kill him.

GEORGIE

Ah, shut up!

LEONA

You be quiet, Newton Yearling.

(Calling her family)

Children! Children! We're moving along.

HENRY

(Appearing from house)

Come on, everybody. We're on our way again.

(One by one, the CHILDREN join their mother)

SHERIFF

(Returning)

He's dead all right. Fell on his head all right.

FARMER

No, he didn't! That big fellow hit him over the head.

SHERIFF

Did you *see* it happen?

FARMER

I didn't *see* it happen, but he *said* he did it.

SHERIFF

Well, then shut up! Now, let's see. Get in touch with the Coroner and have him cart the body away.

GEORGIE

Thanks, Sheriff.

SHERIFF

Now, she can come back to her house.

FARMER

I tell you, there's been a murder!

SHERIFF

(Taking out notebook and pencil)

What's your name?

FARMER

Daniel Hough.

SHERIFF

How do you spell it?

FARMER

H-o-u-g-h.

SHERIFF

Age?

FARMER

Sixty-two.

SHERIFF

Married?

FARMER

Yes.

SHERIFF

Number of children?

FARMER

Five.

SHERIFF

Occupation?

FARMER

Farmer.

SHERIFF

What kind of a farm?

FARMER

Malaga and Muscat grapes.

SHERIFF

How many acres?

FARMER

Forty.

SHERIFF

That's all. Get out of here.

(He throws paper away absentmindedly)

FARMER

I don't know what a man ever wants to be a farmer for.

If I don't get workers, I'll lose my whole crop. It's murder.

SHERIFF

Get out of here.

(The FARMER goes off up right. To LEONA)

Ready to go? All you people arriving from all over the country, making trouble, breaking laws, no respect for private property.

GEORGIE

Sheriff, you don't need to bawl them out, just because they're poor. They're just as good as any other people.

SHERIFF

Georgie, what is this anyhow? I get up out of a good pinochle game and come out here to try to help you. You want me to get these people out of her house, don't you?

GEORGIE

Yeah, but I thought you could do something for them. You're a big important man.

SHERIFF

No, Georgie, I'm not big. And I'm not important. I'm a Republican.

(To LEONA and the children)

Now clear out of here.

GEORGIE

(To LEONA)

You've got some place to go, haven't you?

LEONA

We'll just walk along to a front yard in the next block somewhere.

GEORGIE

Why do you always want to go to places where people don't want you? Go over to my father's house. 137 Vine Street.

LEONA

We wouldn't want to bother anybody.

GEORGIE

You won't be bothering anybody. Go over there, will you?

LEONA

All right, children!

(They ALL start to go up left. The SHERIFF follows them)

SHERIFF

Now get out, all of you. Law and order in the Sovereign State of California.

(GEORGIE stands watching them go. CABOT comes from behind the house, holding his head)

CABOT

Leona!

(Sees GEORGIE)

What happened?

GEORGIE

Your boy hit you over the head with a club.

CABOT

Is that what that crazy Newt did?

GEORGIE

Yeah, and everybody thought you were dead, too.

CABOT

I ain't, though. Where's Leonie?

GEORGIE

I sent them over to my father's house. You go there, too.
137 Vine Street.

*(CABOT goes off up left. GEORGIE sits on the steps of
the house. GAUL arrives up left, a little drunk)*

GEORGIE

(Running up to GAUL at gate)

Well, it's about time you came back to her.

GAUL

My God! The messenger of love again. My boy, forgive me. I have not come back to remain. I have come back to depart.

(To center)

GEORGIE

Doesn't love mean anything to you?

GAUL

Anything? Everything.

GEORGIE

Then why have you come back to depart? Why haven't you come back to remain?

GAUL

To depart is to remain, and to remain is very often to depart. My heart will stay here.

GEORGIE

What good is your heart, if you're not here with it?

GAUL

I am a traveler.

GEORGIE

What about Miss Hamilton?

GAUL

My heart is broken. Need I tell *you* my heart is broken?—You, who are Cupid itself. This is her world, not mine. I am a traveler.

(*WARN Curtain*)

GEORGIE

Well, why don't you stop traveling? What do you always want to be running around for?

GAUL

I am one who seeks, and seeking all these years, I have never found until this day, and having found, I am *still* one who seeks.

GEORGIE

What do you seek?

GAUL

What all men seek and never find. One's self and one's companion. My boy, you, with your morning telegram

from Boston, a city I have never so much as seen, today revealed to my companion and to myself. I am not Barnaby Gaul, but no man in the world is Barnaby Gaul more than I. Barnaby Gaul is he for whom shy and lonely love waits in shy and lonely house—this house—guarded these many years by this magnificent Abyssinian lion. You have revealed me. I am a fraud.

GEORGIE

No, you're not.

GAUL

I *am*. Be good enough to tell this woman that I came to say good-by.

GEORGIE

Go over to my father's house, will you, and talk to her? She's waiting there. 137 Vine Street.

(*FIRE EFFECT starts in house*)

GAUL

Forgive me. I am on my way again. Messenger, bring the good woman back to her trees and roses and songs and dreams. Bring the good woman home. *Home?*

(*Discovering fire*)

My God! *This* house is on fire. Run down to the corner and turn in the alarm.

(*GEORGIE goes off up left*)

Now the poor woman has no home to come back to.

(*He goes into the house*)

Anybody in here?

LUCY

(Inside the house)

I want my Mama.

GAUL

(Reappearing with the CHILD in his arms)

All right. Don't cry. I'll find your Mama for you. This is a hell of a mess for a traveling man to be in.

(He looks at house)

CURTAIN

ACT THREE

ACT THREE

SCENE: *The parlor of STYLIANOS AMERICANOS' house. About three the same afternoon. The room is typical of the parlors of almost all peoples of the Near East in America. There is a door down right; an arch back right center; a window up left; a door down left. There is a table above door right; a sofa and two chairs up right; chairs, piano and stool up left; a cabinet above door left; table with chairs right and left of it at right center; armchair left center; chair in hall. Oriental rug. Pillows covered with red, purple, green and other bright-colored soft cloths. An old Army rifle, crossing a sword in its sheath, over an enormous photograph of eleven men, ranging in age from fifteen to seventy—all with moustaches of one sort or another, each in a military uniform or part of one, each holding a gun. A big photograph of a naked baby on a table covered with velvet. The baby is GEORGIE, aged three months. Another photograph of a bride and groom—GEORGIE's father and mother—standing stiffly in unnatural clothes. A phonograph about twenty-five years old on table above right door. A few large books; a map of the world as it was about twenty-*

five years ago, bordered with the flags of the various nations, as well as pictures of the kings, emperors and presidents of the time. Also a photograph of STYLIANOS in wrestler's tights.

STYLIANOS is at the center of the room, seated on crossed legs, smoking a nargilah. He is an enormous man of forty-one or so, thick-necked, with heavy arms, big hands, and a naive, spiritual face. PERICLES, his father, a man in his early seventies, comes in noisily, left, walks about mumbling discontentedly to himself, sits down left center and lights a cigarette.

The two men smoke in silence a moment, and then begin to speak, the father in Greek, the son in broken English.

PERICLES

Aaaahkh, aaaahkh.

STYLIANOS

Don't worry, Papa. Everything's going to be satisfactory.

PERICLES

(In Greek)

Home. Home.

STYLIANOS

The whole world is a man's home.

PERICLES

(In Greek)

My home is Smyrna. I was born in Smyrna. I want to die in Smyrna.

STYLIANOS

Papa, you are a strong man. Maybe some day we will go back to Smyrna together.

PERICLES

(Shaking his head. In Greek)

No. No.

(He finishes his cigarette, gets up)

The years are all gone. I have given them to you and Georgie.

(He points to himself in the photograph back left.

STYLIANOS gets up, puts his arm around his father)

That was me, Stylianos. Aaahkh, aaahkh. The infidel Turks.

STYLIANOS

My papa. He is still fighting the Turks.

PERICLES

(Furiously)

My son, if I had my youth.

(He shakes his head)

If I only had my youth.

(He turns and smiles at his son)

Give my love to Georgie. I will come back later, and we will sit together and remember the old country. Good-by.

(He goes to arch right center; then returns to his chair)

No. I will stay.

(He sits down)

STYLIANOS

That's right, Papa. You stay here. We got Smyrna here, too.

(STYLIANOS takes a few more puffs at the nargilah. He gets up, goes to the phonograph, winds it, selects a record, puts it on, and a scratchy but nevertheless beautiful Near-Eastern composition begins. It could be Greek, Armenian, Turkish, Kurdish or Persian. It is, in fact, music of a place in the world—not music of a people. It is sung by a woman with a very high-pitched, mournful and lovely voice. The name of the song is "Nari Nari." The record doesn't quite end when the DOORBELL rings. STYLIANOS shuts off the phonograph, and goes to the door left. It is ANN HAMILTON)

ANN'S VOICE

(Off left)

Mr. Americanos?

STYLIANOS

Yes, come in, please.

ANN

(Coming in, breathlessly)

Excuse me, Mr. Americanos?

STYLIANOS

Yes, lady.

ANN

I'm Miss Ann Hamilton. I live at 333 Orchard Avenue.

STYLIANOS

Your son Georgie told me to come here until the police drive the people away from my house.

(Magnificently childlike, dreamy, helpless, beautiful, bewildered and amazed)

They won't go. They just won't budge. It's *my* house. Georgie went to get the police.

(Coming to center with her)

Don't worry. Everything's going to be satisfactory.

ANN

I'm so confused. It seems like I've been walking years. It's because *he's* gone. I guess I got *lost*, too. Everything's changed. A few hours ago I was happy. Then the people came. Then they wouldn't go. Then *he* went. Then I went after him.

(Sighing)

So many things have happened to me today.

STYLIANOS

Lady. Please cool down. It's not good to be so exciting.

PERICLES

(In Greek)

What's the matter?

STYLIANOS

(Starts to pour drink on table right center)

Papa, the lady's got trouble.

(To ANN)

It's nothing. Please sit down.

ANN

Oh, thank you, Mr. Americanos.

(Sits right of right center table)

It's wonderful people like you—

(Tragically)

I begged him to stay.

STYLIANOS

Here, lady. Please take this. It will do you good.

(He hands drink to ANN)

ANN

I told him to wait, and we'd go away together. I told him I'd sell the house.

(ANN drinks)

STYLIANOS

(Shouting)

Lady, don't sell the house now. Keep the house. Ask my Papa.—He don't know nothing. Prices are bad. Please cool down.

ANN

Oh, I'm so ashamed. He ran.—Right in the street. And I ran after him.

(Starts to rise. STYLIANOS pushes her down and pours another drink for her. She—tragically)

I couldn't help it. I couldn't do anything else. I tried not to run, but I just couldn't stand still. I love him.

STYLIANOS

(Turns to OLD MAN)

She's in love, Papa.

ANN

I walked here. Never in all my life have I walked that way. That's why I am so confused. I got lost, looking for him. Then Georgie—Mr. Americanos, your son is a wonderful, wonderful boy.

(DEMETRIOS breaks into the room from left. He comes to a sudden halt center as he notices ANN who rises)

DEMETRIOS

Hello, my cousin.

STYLIANOS

Demetrios! Out!
(Pointing)

DEMETRIOS

How is you, Miss Hamilton? Troublous?

STYLIANOS

Out! Good-by, please!

(DEMETRIOS goes out right center, timidly, confused and bewildered. Explaining to ANN)

Lady. Don't sell the house. Five years ago I paid four thousand dollars for this house. Two stories. Today I can't get thirty-seven hundred.

ANN

(Sitting down. She gets up again, excitedly)

When I went into my house everything was ruined. I was born in that house. I don't know why he had to run. My

mother and my father built that house when they were married. I didn't want people like that in my house. All Mama's things ruined. And they wouldn't go.

(Takes another drink)

PERICLES

(In Greek)

Is she an actress?

STYLIANOS

(Angry)

No, Papa. The lady is not an actress. Lady, please cool down, please.

ANN

They just wouldn't go. Georgie told me to come here and wait.

(She brings Dr. Greatheart's bottle out of her bag, unscrews the top)

He gave me a bottle of this. "Any time you feel miserable," he shouted—we were running down the street—"just take a swig of the stuff in that bottle. Won't do you any harm."

(She starts to take a swig)

I don't know what it is. I guess it's medicine, though.

STYLIANOS

Don't drink that patent medicine.

(He takes bottle)

That's not good.

(Places bottle on piano up left)

Drink this wine.

ANN

(Taking glass)

Oh, thank you, Mr. Americanos. A toast. To love.

(Drinks. PERICLES takes bottle from piano and drinks. He reacts to the liquid. Sits)

I feel so strange. I'm scared. I used to live so peacefully. Everything was quiet and nice. Last night I dreamed of lions.

STYLIANOS

Lions!

(He fills ANN's glass quickly)

ANN

(Drinks)

The lions ran after me, and then they became friendly. Then they begged *me* to be friendly.

(Laughs)

Lions begging *me* to be friendly. This morning, Georgie came with the telegram. And then *he* came. Barnaby Gaul.

STYLIANOS

Lions? Georgie? Telegram? Papa, don't drink that patent medicine.

(Takes bottle)

PERICLES

(In Greek)

What's the difference? She's crazy. I'll be crazy, too.

ANN

He's nice. It's so nice talking to you, Mr. Americanos. You're just like your beautiful son. At first I didn't understand anything. Boston. Barnaby Gaul. Six roses. But he didn't *remember*. I was so scared, because I thought I'd

lose everything, all those years. But little by little he remembered, and then my heart— It sang and sang. Then I remembered the beautiful friendly lions.

STYLIANOS

Lady, drink more.

ANN

Thank you, Mr. Americanos.

(To PERICLES)

To love.

(Crosses to PERICLES)

PERICLES

(Toasts in Greek)

Homeland.

(ANN tries to repeat Greek word. They drink)

ANN

(Crosses back to table, right center. Sits)

I know something's happening. I don't know what it is. He came up onto the porch and kissed me. It was like he had kissed me every day for twenty-seven years. And when he walked through the house, I thought he'd been there all those years. One beautiful thing after another, as if I were still dreaming, but I wasn't scared any more. He sang to me.

(She sings. Suddenly she breaks down and becomes hysterical)

I don't know what's happened.

STYLIANOS

(Indicating door right)

Lady, please go into this room and lie down. Try to sleep.

ANN

(Rises and crosses to bedroom right)

Thank you very much, Mr. Americanos.

PAPA

(Rises)

Stylianós!

STYLIANOS

Papa, the lady's got trouble.

(STYLIANOS opens the door. ANN exits. He closes the door, sits on the floor right and begins to puff at the nargilah. After a moment his son GEORGIE comes into the room from left in great excitement)

GEORGIE

Is she here, Pa?

STYLIANOS

(Pointing to door)

Sleeping.

GEORGIE

Her house is on fire, Pa.

STYLIANOS

(Irritated)

House on fire?

GEORGIE

(Coming to center)

They set fire to it. And that guy. He didn't leave town.

STYLIANOS

(Rises. Very excited)

Wait, Georgie! Please cool down, Georgie.

GEORGIE

He's in the White Fawn saloon, Pa. You've got to go get him.

STYLIANOS

Georgie! *Please* cool down.

GEORGIE

Pa, he may run away.

STYLIANOS

Georgie, sit down a minute. Then we talk. Don't talk now. Just sit. Quiet!

(GEORGIE sits left of table right center, tries to quiet down, and little by little does so,—after his father has gestured at him wildly several times when he wanted to speak. Finally the boy is perfectly calm. He starts to get excited again)

Now, what's the matter?

GEORGIE

(Jumping out of chair)

Tom Fiora—

STYLIANOS

(Pushing him back into chair)

Quiet, Georgie.

(STYLIANOS folds his arms and waits for GEORGIE to calm down)

All right, Georgie, go ahead.

GEORGIE

(Quietly)

Tom Fiora—he's another messenger—put a telegram in my pocket. It wasn't a real telegram. He was sore at me. His brother Mike wrote it. The telegram was for her.

PERICLES

Georgie, is war in Europe?

GEORGIE

Yes, Grandpa. But this isn't about the war.

STYLIANOS

Cool down, Georgie. Speak slow.

GEORGIE

I recited the telegram to her. I talked to her. I made her believe it was all real.

STYLIANOS

Georgie! What this telegram say?

GEORGIE

(Rises)

Here's the telegram, Pa. You read it. I don't like to think about it any more.

(STYLIANOS takes the telegram from GEORGIE.)

DEMETRIOS enters right center and stands looking at telegram which GEORGIE has handed to STYLIANOS.

*STYLIANOS sees him and orders him out of the room.
DEMETRIOS goes out right center)*

PERICLES

(Rises)

Georgie. Is the Greeks in the war?

GEORGIE

No, Grandpa. Germany and Poland.

STYLIANOS

(Quoting telegram)

"Love's Old Sweet Song. Twenty-seven years. Six roses. Four red. Two white. Five children. Get rid of everybody. Remember me. Speak to me. I love you." It's very romantic, Georgie. Why you exciting?

GEORGIE

Romantic, my eye. Don't you see, Pa, the guy went into the house, and I thought everything was going to be all right. But he ran away from her.

STYLIANOS

Don't worry. Everything's going to be satisfactory.

GEORGIE

How's everything going to be satisfactory?

STYLIANOS

You leave everything to me.

(DEMETRIOS comes into the room again from right center. This time a good deal less briskly than the first time. He doesn't speak, but looks expectantly toward STYLIANOS)

Demetrios, out! Can't you see I've got trouble?

DEMETRIOS

Stylios, for why you tell me "Out! Out!" I am your cousin?

STYLIANOS

Yes, you are my cousin.

DEMETRIOS

(Going out right center)

I am your cousin no more. I quit!

STYLIANOS

All right, Georgie. Tell the romance.

GEORGIE

I told her to wait here until I could come and take her home.
But now there's no home to take her to, and the man's gone.

STYLIANOS

That man. What kind of man is he?

GEORGIE

I *thought* he was a great man, Pa, on account of the telegram. It's all my fault.

STYLIANOS

(Quietly)

Georgie, when that man went into the house—

(Pauses and looks at GEORGIE. GEORGIE nods his head)

I don't want you to feel bad, Georgie. It's not your fault.

GEORGIE

(Pathetically)

I started it all.

STYLIANOS

Georgie, be philosopher, please.

GEORGIE

What good is philosophy? Her house is burned down. The man's gone. How are we going to get out of this with philosophy?

STYLIANOS

Easy as peachy-pie, Georgie. I go get that man.

GEORGIE

He won't come. He's drinking. He won't come.

STYLIANOS

(Angry)

No? I carry him here. I make him talk to her. If she still wants him, I make him marry her.

GEORGIE

I told him everything at the fire. I told him to come here. Then I followed him to the White Fawn. He won't come.

STYLIANOS

You go for ride. You forget everything.

GEORGIE

All right, Pa.

(Starts to go to door left)

STYLIANOS

I go get that man.

GEORGIE

He's a big guy, and he carries a straw suitcase.

STYLIANOS

I find him, all right.

GEORGIE

Thanks, Pa. Gosh! I sure make a lot of trouble.

(Pauses while he remembers everything. He goes out left)

(STYLIANOS does a few limbering-up exercises, half a minute of fancy wrestling at center. Puts on his coat and hat. Goes around the room looking at the photographs and the maps. He stands a long time in front of the picture of the naked three-months-old boy. He smiles, shaking his head)

PERICLES

Bravo.

(GEORGIE breaks into the room from left with a brand-new bicycle)

GEORGIE

Look, Pa!

STYLIANOS

Georgie! Where you get that bike?

GEORGIE

(Honks horn)

He gave it to me.

STYLIANOS

Who?

GEORGIE

That guy, Pa.

STYLIANOS

You mean the man?

GEORGIE

(Delighted)

Yeah. Barnaby Gaul. He rode the bike out here. He was riding like everything, zigzagging all over the place, blowing the horn, ringing the bell.

(He honks the horn and rings the bell)

He tried to ride one-handed through the hedge. You can't do that with both hands. He hurt himself, I guess, but he didn't hurt the bike. He's drunk. He's sitting on the lawn, holding his leg. I'm supposed to get him a drink of water.

(Pause for a moment)

Gosh, Pa! I sure am a dope.

STYLIANOS

Dope? Why dope?

GEORGIE

I forgot everything, just because he gave me a lousy brand-new bike.

STYLIANOS

Don't worry. Everything's going to be satisfactory. Georgie, I gonna rassle that man.

GEORGIE

Ah, Pa. What do you want to rassle him for?

STYLIANOS

He's drunk. I gonna teach him manners.

GEORGIE

He's got manners, Pa.

STYLIANOS

Georgie, I gonna get head-lock, half-nelson, toe-hold and scissor-hold on that man.

GEORGIE

Ah, Pa, you'll ruin him.

STYLIANOS

That's all right. I be careful.

GEORGIE

Careful? He can't even stand up, I don't think. He's sitting on the lawn holding his leg, and you want to get a half-nelson on him. I'm supposed to get him a glass of water.

(GEORGIE sets the bike near the piano. He goes out right center to get a glass of water. GAUL, limping a little, a little drunk, comes in left)

GAUL

For the love of God! Bring me a glass of water. I'm dying.

STYLIANOS

Who are you?

GAUL

(Crosses to table right center and sits in chair left)

Nobody. A wretch. A man without a home. Neither son, nor brother, nor husband, nor father. A man without an address. A man who gets no mail. A traveler. A tourist.

(GEORGIE brings him a glass of water from right center)

A failure.

(He raises his arm dramatically as though he were saying he was a vice-president. GAUL drinks the water)

STYLIANOS

Georgie, why is he bragging?

GEORGIE

He's not bragging. That's the way he talks.

STYLIANOS

What is your name?

GAUL

My name's Jim.

(Disgusted)

I am a swindler who is himself swindled every day. Every minute.

STYLIANOS

Georgie, is this the man?

GEORGIE

(Feeling hopeless)

Yeah, Pa.

(To GAUL)

I don't want the bike.

GAUL

(Disgusted)

I'm the man. Dr. Greatheart. A fraud. Barnaby Gaul. Never heard of Barnaby Gaul in my life. Who invented that incredible name?

GEORGIE

Mike Fiora.

GAUL

Mike Fiora! What'd he do it for?

GEORGIE

So his brother could get even on me.

GAUL

(Irritated)

My name's Jim. Just plain ordinary Jim.

(Painfully)

Where is she?

STYLIANOS

Georgie, I gonna rassle that man.

(GEORGIE crosses over to center)

GAUL

Rassle? Who's going to rassle who?

STYLIANOS

I gonna rassle *you*.

GAUL

Why? I'm hurt.

STYLIANOS

I gonna teach you manners. You ain't hurt.

GAUL

Manners? What's the matter with my manners?

STYLIANOS

(*He does limbering-up exercises. PERICLES watches him—when he has finished says:*)

You get ready, now. I give you chance.

PERICLES

Bravo!

GEORGIE

You can't rattle *him*.

STYLIANOS

Why not, Georgie?

GEORGIE

Suppose she still loves him?

GAUL

Yes. Suppose she still loves me?

GEORGIE

A lot of good he'll be after you get through with him. Come on, Pa. Leave him alone.

STYLIANOS

(*To GAUL*)

Why you come here? Tell the truth.

GAUL

I came to tell her her house is burned down. The poor woman's alone in the world.

GEORGIE

What did you do with the little girl?

GAUL

She's with the Sheriff. I tried to find her mother, but I couldn't, so I took her to the police. I told them the truth, but they wouldn't believe me. They said she was *my* daughter. They said she looks like *me*. They're keeping her until I know what to do with her. She needs Ann. And I need Ann.

(*To GEORGIE*)

Why don't you want the bike?

GEORGIE

I've made a lot of trouble. Just because you gave me a bike, I forgot everything.

STYLIANOS

(*Eager to wrestle*)

Georgie, you go away.

GAUL

(*Rises. Scared*)

Why? Why send the boy away?

(*STYLIANOS gestures to GEORGIE. GEORGIE goes into the kitchen right center. STYLIANOS gives GAUL a long meaningful look and gestures for him to come forward to center and wrestle*)

Now, Mr. Papakapoulos—

STYLIANOS

(*Very angry*)

Mr. What?

GAUL

Mr. Arkapapoulos—

STYLIANOS

What?

GAUL

My dear sir.

STYLIANOS

You better try hard.

GAUL

I can't rassle.

STYLIANOS

You can't rassle!

(Pounces upon GAUL—lifts him into the air and swings into an aeroplane spin)

GAUL

One moment.

STYLIANOS

This airplane spin.

GAUL

For the love of God, Greek.

(STYLIANOS swings GAUL around to PERICLES. GAUL and PERICLES shake hands)

PERICLES

Stylian, who is this great man?

GAUL

Be good enough to set me down on my feet. I can't stand height.

STYLIANOS

(Sets GAUL on his feet. Commanding)

Rassle!

GAUL

I'm in love. How can I rassle when I'm in love?

(STYLIANOS gets full-nelson on GAUL)

STYLIANOS

You not in love. Why you run away from that lady?

GAUL

I don't know.

STYLIANOS

Why you start trouble?

GAUL

(While STYLIANOS shakes GAUL's head)

I didn't know I was starting trouble.

STYLIANOS

Why you go in the house?

GAUL

She wanted me to.

STYLIANOS

(Very much interested)

She wanted you to?

GAUL

One moment, please.

STYLIANOS

This full-nelson.

GAUL

All right. Full-nelson.

(With considerable conviction)

I didn't know who she was. Your son told me. I didn't send her a telegram from Boston. Your son said I did. I love her. I need her.

STYLIANOS

(Getting head-lock on GAUL)

Poor lady. Handsome man like you, telling lies all the time. This head-lock.

GAUL

All right. Head-lock. I'm not Dr. Greatheart. I'm not Barnaby Gaul. My name's Jim. Jim Doherty. Even so, I love her.

(STYLIANOS grips him tighter)

Would you mind loosening your arm a little? Your son's going to be a great man some day.

STYLIANOS

Georgie?

GAUL

Yes, sir.

STYLIANOS

(*Loudly*)

Georgie Americanos?

GAUL

Yes, sir. Georgie Americanos.

(GEORGIE *enters right center hurriedly. Coming down*)

GEORGIE

Ah, Pa! Let him go, will you?

GAUL

Yeah. The boy's got the right idea. Let him go.

(STYLIANOS *releases GAUL*)

GEORGIE

All I wanted to do was make things a little better. Now they're worse.

STYLIANOS

No. I rattle him. Everything's going to be satisfactory. He loves her. Don't you?

GAUL

Of course I love her.

GEORGIE

(*To GAUL*)

If you really loved her, you'd love everybody. You can't go around loving one person and hating everybody else.

GAUL

Who said anything about hating anybody? I've always loved everybody.

STYLIANOS

How about that, Georgie?

GEORGIE

(To GAUL)

You ran away when you knew she loved you.

STYLIANOS

(*Very angry at GAUL again*)

You trouble-maker!

(*Moves to get head-lock on GAUL again*)

GAUL

All right. What's this?

STYLIANOS

This Australian jaw-breaker.

GEORGIE

Leave him alone, Pa. It's not his fault.

STYLIANOS

No, Georgie? Whose fault is it?

GEORGIE

I don't know, Pa.

(*Crosses up to the bicycle*)

It sure is a keen wheel, though.

STYLIANOS

You love this woman, you liar?

GAUL

Of course, I love her. I more than love her. We have a child.

STYLIANOS

You got money?

GAUL

Some. I spent most of my money today.

STYLIANOS

How much you got?

GAUL

Oh, ten, eleven, twelve dollars.

STYLIANOS

Ten, eleven, twelve dollars!

GAUL

It's not a lot, but when a man's in love—

(STYLIANOS *approaches threateningly*. GAUL *takes out a pack of cards*)

One moment! Will you kindly take a card. Any card at all.

(STYLIANOS *takes a card*)

You are a wrestler, I believe. You have wrestled in the arena.

STYLIANOS

World's Heavyweight Champion Kern County.

GAUL

(*Setting up his table*)

I, too, am a wrestler.

STYLIANOS

All right. Let's rattle.

GAUL

I do not wrestle as you wrestle, my friend.

STYLIANOS

You rattle women?

GAUL

You shame me. The card you have taken is the Nine of Clubs, I believe. Three times three is nine. You are also a member of the Greek Orthodox Church, I believe. The number three, therefore, is not meaningless to you.

(STYLIANOS and GEORGIE bless themselves)

Georgie, will you take a card?

GEORGIE

(Taking card)

We don't want any of your medicine.

GAUL

You don't need any of it, I believe. Now what card have you?

GEORGIE

The Nine of Clubs. I guess that's all you've got in that deck.

GAUL

No. Here.

(Shows cards)

Look at the cards. All different. All different.

(GEORGIE *looks*)

You are a messenger.

GEORGIE

Yeah.

GAUL

I, too, am a messenger.

STYLIANOS

Rassler. Messenger. What else?

GAUL

I am a missionary.

(*Indicating* PERICLES)

This elderly gentleman here, I believe, is your father?

STYLIANOS

Papa, I want you to meet—

GAUL

Dr. Greatheart. Dr. Greatheart!

(*Shakes hands with* PERICLES)

GEORGIE

Ah, that's not your real name. What are you bluffing for?

STYLIANOS

Yes, tell the boy why you bluff. This is not poker game.

GAUL

My good man, *life* is a poker game, among other things.

STYLIANOS

Georgie, this man is philosopher.

GEORGIE

Philosopher, my eye. Don't you see, Pa, that's the way he gathers a crowd around him, and then sells his medicine. He makes them think something very mysterious is going to happen.

GAUL

Something mysterious *does* happen. Every time. Your father is right. I *am* a philosopher.

STYLIANOS

What philosophy you have?

GAUL

You shall see in a moment.

(To PERICLES)

Will *you* kindly take a card?

PERICLES

(*Takes card. In Greek*)

He is a Christian. I can tell from the way he speaks.

GAUL

I beg your pardon. I do not speak Greek. It is embarrassing to me that I am not able to speak such a magnificent language. You will forgive me, I am sure.

(PERICLES *and* GAUL *bow. To* STYLIANOS)

What did your father say?

STYLIANOS

He said you are a Christian.

GAUL

I am.



STYLIANOS

He said he can tell from the way you speak.

GAUL

Your father is a noble man.

STYLIANOS

He used to be a peasant in the old country.

GAUL

I, too, am a peasant.

(To PERICLES)

I need not tell you the card you have taken is the Nine of Clubs.

GEORGIE

Yeah, it's the Nine of Clubs all right. How come everybody takes the Nine of Clubs?

(ANN comes in right)

GAUL

Now, for the amazing demonstration I am about to make—

ANN

(Seeing GAUL)

Barnaby!

(She rushes to him, center)

Barnaby!

GEORGIE

His name isn't Barnaby, Miss Hamilton.

ANN

Oh, Georgie. How can I ever thank you?

STYLIANOS

His name is Jim.

ANN

And you, Mr. Americanos? You *did* come back, Barnaby.

STYLIANOS

(Emphatically)

Jim!

ANN

I never want to see this town again. I'll sell the house,
and we'll go to Boston.

GAUL

Ann, your house is burned down.

ANN

(Coming to)

What?

GAUL

Yes, Ann.

ANN

(Sitting left of table right center)

I don't care. I don't care about the house. I don't care
about anything. I'm happy, Barnaby. You've come back to
me.

*(DOORBELL rings and the SHERIFF enters with
LUCY, left)*

SHERIFF

Your daughter's been asking for her father.

(LUCY runs to GAUL, center)

ANN

Oh, what a beautiful child, Barnaby. Come here, darling.

(Opens her arms to child, who rushes into them)

Why didn't you tell me? Why, Barnaby, she looks just like you.

GAUL

It's nothing. Nothing at all. Sheriff, this little girl is not my daughter.

SHERIFF

She *looks* like you.

GAUL

She belongs to that family from Oklahoma. I looked all over for her mother, but I couldn't find her.

SHERIFF

She *likes* you. Don't you like *her*?

GAUL

I love her more than anyone in the world, except this woman, but I love the truth, too. I want you to know, because I want to be her father. I want to see her grow into grace and loveliness. I have never before felt the affection I feel for this woman and this child.

SHERIFF

Well, she *looks* like you.

GAUL

She's mine in spirit, at least.

(To LUCY)

You do love me, don't you, child?

LUCY

Yes. I love the way you smell.

GAUL

(Taking child in his arms)

I don't care why you love me, just so you do.

SHERIFF

Well, if I ever saw a father, there he is.

GAUL

And this woman, child? You love her, too, don't you?

ANN

(Holding out her arms to LUCY)

You love me, darling, don't you?

LUCY

(Running into ANN's arms)

Yes. I love you, too.

SHERIFF

There you are. A father, a mother, and a beautiful child.

(He exits left.)

(The DOORBELL rings. All the CHILDREN enter, followed by LEONA)

GEORGIE

Pa, these are the people.

STYLIANOS

Come in. Come in.

(STYLIANOS takes all the CHILDREN upstage right to the sofa)

GAUL

(To LEONA)

Dear lady, here is your daughter. If the child is willing, and if you are willing—

LEONA

(With concern)

Well, you take good care of Lucy.

ANN

(Delighted)

Oh, we will, we will!

LEONA

(Starting to go left. To GEORGIE)

I just came to thank you. Children, we'll be going along now.

STYLIANOS

No, lady. You stay here. Everybody stay here. We all sit down and have supper together.

(Calling)

. Demetrios! My cousin, Demetrios!

(DEMETRIOS appears right center)

You go get bread. Get meat. Get wine. We all gonna sit down and have supper together. Hurry up! We wait for you.

DEMETRIOS

I am your cousin again?

STYLIANOS

Yes. Everybody is my cousin.

(DEMETRIOS goes out right center.)

(The DOORBELL rings and CABOT comes in left)

LEONA

Why, Cabot! I thought you was dead.

CABOT

Dead? Leona, you look good.

(To GAUL)

Doc, I want to tell you that medicine saved my life.

GAUL

Thank you, my good man.

(CABOT goes to LEONA)

Ann, I'm a pitchman. I sell this medicine to people. I sometimes drink it myself. I sometimes believe in it myself. Take a card, please.

(Holds out pack. ANN takes a card)

Thank you. What card have you?

ANN

The Queen of Hearts.

GAUL

The Queen of Hearts. Ann, I love you. I'll do anything I can to make you happy. I'll do anything you want me to do. I'll throw away my suitcase. I'm alone in the world. I hardly ever see a face twice, and I hardly ever see a face I want to see twice. I like people, but I don't like the dis-

grace they've fallen into. The only way I know how to do anything about it is to set up my suitcase in the streets, get behind it, and talk to them. Ann, tell me what you want me to do, and I'll do it.

(WARN *Curtain*)

ANN

I want to do whatever you want me to do, Barnaby.

(*Rises and goes to piano*)

GAUL

My name's Jim, Ann. You could help me a lot. I wouldn't spend so much time in saloons, Ann. I'd drink some, of course, but I wouldn't drink so much. After a while we could get a trailer, and you could stand up on the platform with me. You and the little girl. You'd just stand there, Ann. It does them good to look upon beauty. I know it does, because it does me good. We'd go from town to town. The highways are beautiful all the year around.

ANN

Jim, we're going to be so happy.

GAUL

(*To STYLIANOS*)

Mr. Americanos, I shall always be grateful to you on account of this boy: this Postal Telegraph messenger who carries to the world the only message worth carrying.

(*To CABOT*)

My good man, I want you to be a living testimonial to the wonderful powers of Dr. Greatheart's Five-Star Multi-Purpose Indian Remedy. I want *all* of you to be that liv-

ing testimonial. Now, Mr. Yearling, if you will line up the children, we will rehearse the amazing demonstration I am going to make from now on all over the country.

(CABOT lines up the CHILDREN in front of stage)

Children, will each of you kindly take a card. Any card at all.

(He gives each child a card)

Hold the cards aloft.

(The CHILDREN do so. Each card is the Nine of Clubs. GAUL starts to sing "Of All the Things I Love." ANN joins him. Finally the CHILDREN join in)

(To the audience, while the CHILDREN are singing)

Ladies and gentlemen, I have here on this platform, Dr. Greatheart's World Famous A Capelle Choir, and while the children are singing this lovely little ballad, I'm going to ask you to step up a little closer. I have gathered these children from the four corners of the earth. Each child is a natural-born singer. Also each child is a genius. Beyond this platform and across the street is the world. What will happen to each child as it wanders into the world only God knows, but now each child is a genius.

(He takes a bottle out of his coat pocket and holds it aloft)

I have here in this bottle a medicine. The juices of certain roots and barks are extracted—

CURTAIN

PROPERTY PLOT

ACT ONE

On Stage:

Rocking chair on porch.

Seated lion on pedestal for lawn.

Small rock alongside of lion (JESSE).

Hand Props off stage right:

Six roses—four red and two white (ANN HAMILTON).

Hand shears (ANN HAMILTON).

Love Story Magazine (ANN HAMILTON).

Shaving brush, shaving mug, towel (BARNABY GAUL).

Lawn-mower (DEMETRIOS).

Small American flag (DEMETRIOS).

Loaf bread, leg chicken (NEWTON).

Hand Props off stage left:

Bicycle (used by GEORGIE AMERICANOS throughout play).

Postal Telegraph blank and envelopes (GEORGIE AMERICANOS).

Bicycle (TOM FIORA).

Small copy of Shakespeare (AL YEARLING).

Postal Telegraph blanks (TOM FIORA).

Straw suitcase filled with 3 candles, matches, 6 bottles of dark fluid.

Folding stand in suitcase, cards, Nine of Clubs (BARNABY GAUL).

Old blanket and stick (CABOT YEARLING).

Old bundle of clothes (LEONA YEARLING).

Briefcase and typewriter case (RICHARD OLIVER).

Hand camera—small bag with straps to hang over shoulder (ELSA WAX).

Flat stick for (HENRY).

Old blanket spread out on lawn (CABOT).

Rocker on porch.

Hand Props off stage right:

Bottle of medicine (ANN HAMILTON).

Doll for one of the YEARLING GIRLS.

Hand Props off stage left:

Briefcase—*Time Magazine*, *Time Magazine* subscription forms (WINDMORE).

2 small whistles (WINDMORE), coins.

ACT TWO

Time Magazine, whistle (CABOT YEARLING).

Bottle of medicine (CABOT YEARLING).

Hand Props off stage right:

Box of matches (HENRY).

Club (NEWTON).

Sound effect for striking CABOT.

ACT THREE

Stage right—small table, two straight chairs, L. and R. of table.

Up stage right—small red sofa.

Stage right—small table with practical turntable.

Up stage left—square piano and stool.

Stage left by piano—straight armchair.

Small rug—4 by 6 feet—center stage.

Bowl flowers.

Picture of small baby on piano.

Small pedestal with small statue.

Life-sized picture of STYLIANOS R. and L. on wall.

Life-sized picture of a family group on back wall up stage.

Old rifle and sword crossed above family group picture.

2 glasses and bottle of wine on table—stage right.

Nargilah (Greek pipe) (STYLIANOS).

Props off stage right:

Glass of water (GEORGIE AMERICANOS).

Props off stage left:

Bottle of medicine (ANN HAMILTON).

Suitcase, bottle of medicine, cards, Nine of Clubs (BARNABY GAUL).

New bicycle (GEORGIE AMERICANOS).

Bottle of medicine (CABOT YEARLING).

ELECTRICAL PLOT

ACT ONE

Fronts—16 Lico lights—72-112

Foots—2 sections—3 circuits—72-112-130

First Pipe—20 Licos—72-112—No color

Right Tor—6 Licos—72-112

Left Tor—6 Licos—72-112

2nd Pipe—3-500 watt spots—top porch—no color

3rd Pipe—3 sections 300 watt border—120-130-140 (Frost)

House—100 watt spot on porch—door strips top and bottom floor

Boom Left—1st entrance—5-100 watt #8 lenses

Boom Left—2nd entrance—7-500 watt spots

Boom Left—Between gauze and back drop—2-100 watt spots

Right back spot—1000 watt floor

Open everything on glow on cue:

Everything to full slowly count 30—favoring porch

ACT TWO

Set up—same as Act I—

Except

Cue board #7 pipe #500 watt on mark

Small board 5-6 right first entrance boom on mark

Preset board #2 left tormentor 1-2-3-4 on mark

Preset board left tormentor 5-6—on mark

Same as Act I—Scene II

On Cue: Dim all spots on house to mark

Fire Effect:

On Cue: Smoke through bottom window

On Cue: Fire projector on window dimmer

On Cue: Chemical smoke through window

Fan fire full on dimmer

Top window red strip on and off

ACT THREE

Fronts all full—2 brackets (not practical) left and right

Foots all full—table lamp on piano

Electrical turntable (practical)

Preset board #1 (No. 2-6-10-19-12-17-18-16 on mark

Preset board #2—Pipe #1 No. 1-3-13 R5 R6 L1 L4 on
mark

Preset board #3—Tormentor R-1 R3 L5 L6-5-4-7 on mark

Cue board. No. 6 strip low mark

No. 7 entrance strip full

MUSIC

We can supply copies of "Of All the Things I Love" at
50¢ per copy.

PUBLICITY THROUGH YOUR LOCAL PAPERS

The press can be an immense help in giving publicity to your productions. In the belief that the best reviews from the New York papers are always interesting to local audiences, and in order to assist you, we are printing below several excerpts from those reviews.

"This man Saroyan will be the death of us yet. In 'Love's Old Sweet Song,' which was acted at the Plymouth last evening, he has spun some more of his beguiling improvizations for three acts in length and hired Walter Huston to simulate an amiable charlatan. The improvizations are comic, for Mr. Saroyan is an inventive chap with a liking for folksy and spontaneous fooling. The characters are off the American highways. Mr. Saroyan's attitude toward life is wholly ingratiating; his heart is in the right place; his writing is warming."—*The New York Times*.

"He is the new hope in the theatre. 'Love's Old Sweet Song' is a formless sort of satirical comedy fandango— Its theme, if you dig deeply enough, appears to be that the thing of which this world stands most in need is love, love and more love."—*The Daily News*.

"William Saroyan tells a pleasantly ga-ga little story in 'Love's Old Sweet Song,'—and tinkles the changes on several themes. He celebrates love, of which he entirely approves; he burlesques refugees from the dust bowl, of whom he does not approve."—*New York Sun*.

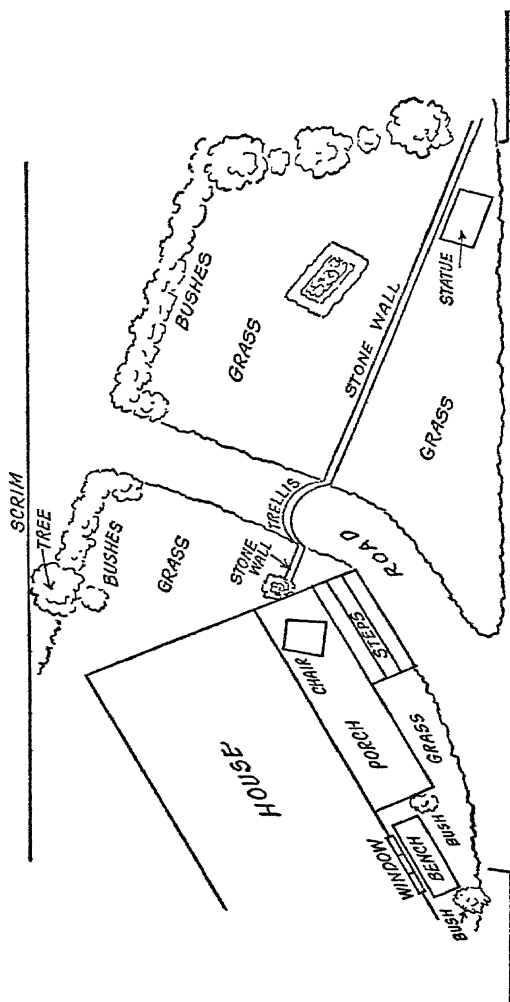
"Although originality is no common commodity, William Saroyan possesses it to an uncommon degree. 'My Heart's In The Highlands' and 'The Time Of Your Life' were eloquent proofs of this. In their different ways they made clear how fresh is the talent Mr. Saroyan has brought to the theatre's service, how unconventional are his aims and means, how poignant and probing his gift for fantasy can be, with what spurts of revelation he is able to write, how colorful is his humor, how strong is the lyric sense that finds dramatic statement in his plays, and how successful he has been in offering mood as a substitute for plotting as plotting is ordinarily understood."—*New York Post*.

"Mr. Saroyan continues to be the freshest and most comforting new voice in the American theatre. In his new play 'Love's Old Sweet Song' the antic gentleman—provides us with a gay and daffy comedy, so richly, humorously and happily mad, so filled with laughter and imagination and warmth, so hearty and yet so curiously tender, that the presumably waning dramatic season takes on a new luster.—Mr. Saroyan is the drama's most important new man.—I wish Mr. Saroyan would write a play every week."—*New York Herald-Tribune*.

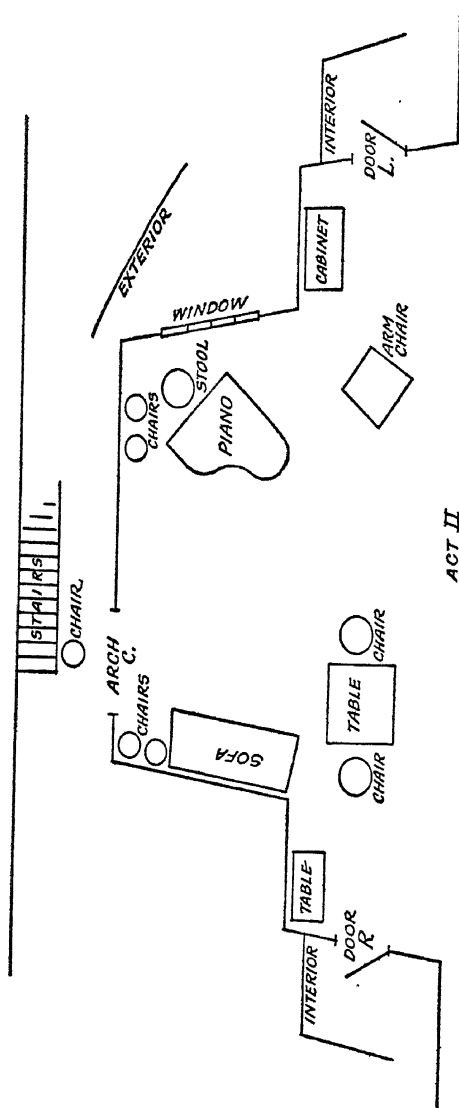
"That surprising young man, William Saroyan, has burst cheerfully into the Broadway scene again with another ecstatic interpretation of life which he calls 'Love's Old Sweet Song,' a play that is sure to enliven and brighten the dying days of the theatrical season, if for no other reason than that it will again fan the flames of controversy over his position in the modern theatre.—It is filled with joyful caricatures of humanity and it tells a coherent story. There is happy satire in it, sometimes at the expense of big and pontifical business, sometimes at the expense of earnest, meddling social workers and sometimes at the expense of the great and unimaginative middle classes. But its principal charm lies in the hordes of utterly delightful and nearly always irrelevant characters who brighten the stage with the vivid color of their individual personalities."—*New York World-Telegram*.

"In the public arguments over whether Saroyan is as great as he says he is, or simply nuts, I have felt at times that both sides might be right, and have gone ahead anyway admiring the force, and humor and compassion. . . . —*New York Journal—American*.

LANDSCAPE



ACT I - SCENE DESIGN
"LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG"



ACT II
SCENE DESIGN
"LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG"

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